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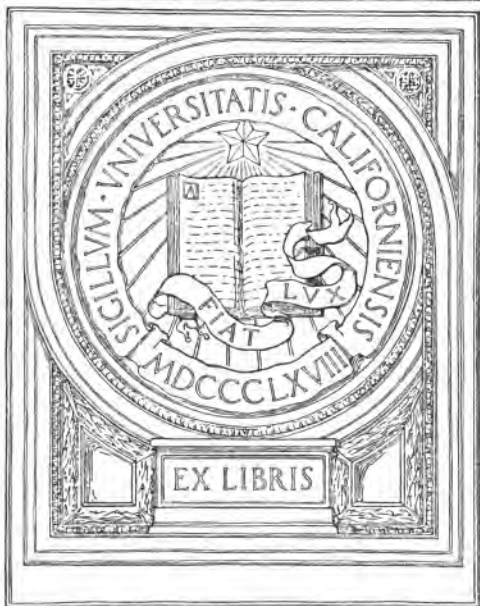
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THE
BRIGANTINE:

OR,

ADMIRAL LOWE.

A TALE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

BY AN AMERICAN.

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THE BRIGANTINE:

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CHAPTER I.

NOTWITHSTANDING the present innovating spirit of progression, we must beg leave to make a retrograde movement, and with all due deference to old "Father Time," for awhile retrace his steps. We hasten back then over the lapse of a hundred and sixty-six fledged years, and introduce the reader to the people, manners, and customs of 1673. It has been said that "coming events cast their shadows before," but, little did the good peaceful burghers of that day dream that their rude settlement, with its little mimic fort of forty-two guns, was to swell and increase till it became the wonder of the older world, extending itself over the hill-capped island till gradually assuming a gayer and mightier form, it burst in all its grandeur and aspired to its merited station—to be what the smoky city is across the water,—the metropolis of a great and powerful nation. Such is New-York in 1839, but to understand the sequel, let us look at her as she was

in 1673. New-Orange, as it was then called, and the title by which we shall designate it throughout the following pages, was situate on the southern point of the island called Manhattan, or Manahachtanienks. It is well known to all, that the present powerful city of New-York, owes its birth remotely to the peering enterprise of Schipper Hendrick Hudson, and more nearly to the activity and perseverance of these never-to-be-forgotten sturdy sons of Holland, Schippers Hendrick Christiaanse, and Adrian Blok, of Blok Island memory.

Holland, under the name of "The States General," was at that time in the height of prosperity, extending her commerce to the remotest nooks of lands then unknown to the rest of the civilized world, and her flag floating in the breezes of polar and tropical climes, seemed to breathe the defiance "Veni, vidi, vici." She ploughed the waters of every sea with an adventuresome keel, and as the reward of industry, perseverance, and adventure, was acknowledged to be undisputed mistress of the ocean. The "City of the isles," which had first obtained supplies from the East and scattered them over all Europe, had gradually, through a succession of years, lost her enriching monopoly, but to pour wealth into the lap of Portugal, under the auspices of that truly enterprising monarch, Henry "the navigator." Lisbon was then the great mart of all the Eastern productions, and so continued to be under Philip II, till the war with England was commenced. At the commencement of this war,

the English no longer able to get their supplies of spices and other Eastern commodities from Lisbon, were obliged to apply to the Dutch, who furnished them at three times their price, and thereby made a speculation which enriched many of the good burghers, at the expense of their English friends. But soon, (on the revolt of the Netherlands from Spain) Philip closed his ports against the Dutch, and seized their vessels then lying there at anchor. But this state of things was not of long duration, for honest Mynheer after looking about a little, and smoking a pipe or two, aroused from his lethargy and determined that his galliots should aspire to the honour of the "long voyage." Accordingly ships were fitted out and despatched to India, where treaties were stipulated with the natives, and colonies planted, soon increased to the thrift of prosperity, and eventually to the expulsion of the Portuguese. Thus the wealth of the Indies, which once appertained to Venice through the Saracens, afterwards to united Spain and Portugal, eventually fell into the hands of the Dutch East India Company. Through this company, all Europe, even England included, received the supplies which their necessities demanded. With rising two hundred ships they explored the unknown seas of China, penetrating even to the Celestial Empire, and venturing still farther upon the rude inhospitalities of Japan, that terra incognita. It was thus that they acquired dominion over the sea and became a great and powerful nation. It was then, when

the States General were at the summit of glory, that Hendrick Hudson was despatched to find a north-western passage to India ; failing to do which, he chanced to fall in with our little island, the scene of the following story.

From his favourable report, the above mentioned Schippers, were sent out to make a settlement, which they effected in the year 1614, by building four little shantees, about the site of the present bowling green, and dignifying the little dorp with the imposing title of New Amsterdam, after their great commercial city at home.

The reader will excuse the above digression, which was a crooked road taking us a little jaunt through Spain, China, Japan and the Netherlands, but which has fortunately brought us back to the little settlement whence we started.

In 1623 the settlers at Nieuw Amsterdam commenced a fort which was to be the terror of all foreign powers, but which unfortunately advanced so slowly that ere its completion in 1635 or 6, the little Dorp had more than trebled its population. At length the fort was completed and frowned upon the waters of the peaceful bay in all the majesty of conscious might. It was looked upon by the honest burghers of that day as a *chef-d'œuvre*, with its forty-two little fourteen pound cannon, four towers, one at each angle, and two gates, one opening to the southward upon a sloping plot of grass, the other upon present Broadway to the northward. This mighty specimen of architecture was situate about the north

end of the Bowling Green, and at the opening of our story was called Willem Hendrick. There were then several large sycamore, elm, and apple trees around it, the favourite resort of the citizens as a lounge, where, upon benches under each tree, they smoked the peaceful pipe, and related to a wondering audience of youths and maydes, stories of battles with the Indians, witchcraft in the east, and now and then a grey-headed old man laying aside his apathetic listlessness, would hunt about in the dark recesses of memory and draw to light some scanty recollections of the father-land. The little city itself, after the Dutch fleet had taken it in August 1673, was comprised within very narrow limits.

A wall of wooden piles extended from about the intersection of present Pearl and Wall-streets, along the line of Wall-street, quite over to present Lumber-street, and there terminated in a small redoubt built of mud, and beautifully decorated over with clam shells. Beyond these points, on the east and west side, the Groot and Salt Riviers had not yet been encroached upon. The building up of houses and wharves west of Lumber and east of Pearl-streets, has been done in later years, by filling up the rivers with the hills which have been cut down in grading the streets about the brick church, and even at the lower end of Broadway. Persons living on Pearl-street used to keep their boats secured to their houses for convenience. Even the promenade-ground on the Battery is all reclaimed ground ; for, in the times of which we

write, there was a fierce ledge of rocks protruding their bristling backs from the water, in the very centre of that beautiful ground, and then styled "Peter's Ledge," from the fact of one Petrus Ten-Broeck having lost his boat there one dark night, and being obliged to mount astride the rock till relieved by the guard at the fort, summoned by the vociferous appeals of said Petrus Ten Broeck, who, it is asserted, "was verily a man of leathern lungs." How this may be, we cannot aver, but thus tradition hath it. What is Broad-street now was then a canal, or inlet of water, walled up on each side with a narrow trottoir on either bank, sufficiently wide to allow foot passengers a pathway. This inlet of wtaer, which had been made to resemble as much as possible a canal, partly for the purpose of imitating the father-land, partly from the headstrong disposition of the waters, and partly with the design of facilitating the transportation of goods landed on the mole below, to the stores of the owners, was the resort of all boatmen employed in and about the city and on the Groot Rivier, as well as of the country trading boats which brought produce to the market, then standing in Broad-street, a little above Exchange Place, then called Garden-street or alley. Broad-street was called the Here-Graft, or Gentleman's canal. Another canal ran along the line of Beaver-street, (then Princess-street,) intersecting and crossing the Here-Graft. The houses were good old-fashioned houses, built of red Dutch brick with tiled roofs, standing

with their gable-ends towards the street, like unto a man with his back-side to the company. The houses lay altogether on the eastern side of Broadway, the lots on the western side running down to the river without buildings, but then occupied by the Governors as a garden and feeding-place for deer. Beyond the city walls were the Bouwerys and King's farm. Thus much for the city to enable the reader, (who is no doubt by this time heartily tired,) to understand our narration.

Before a large two-story house, built in true Dutch style, standing in Princess-street, on the Canal, were two negroes sweeping the trottoir, (similar to the one in the Here-Graft,) enlivening their morning's labour with a catch in broken English, and now and then addressing each other as occasionally some bright idea shot athwart the curly pate which Peter must tell to Augustus with the seasoning of a good broad negro laugh. Two large sycamore trees were jutting out from the side of the trottoir nearest to the house, and bid fair to dispute ere long with the foot passenger the possession of the walk. Among the limbs of one of these trees, the promising offspring of the above-mentioned Augustus, in the shape of a fat negro cub, was sporting about, regardless of the labourers below. His motions, however, were the cause of several pieces of bark leaving their natural abode, and seeking the trottoir below which the two slaves were so busily sweeping.

"Hy, you young Coromanchee niggur, vat for you make dat fuss up dar; come down out

dat now, I tell you," growled Augustus, looking up, and at the same time sending a volley of water aloft from his broom dipped in the neighbouring canal. "Pow, wow, youw!" screamed the young whelp as he felt the cold water showering on his back, "I only go for warm I back in de sun dis cole mornin." "Warm you back," roared the older negro in a rage, as more bark and rubbish, deranged by the scrambles of the boy in his attempt to get beyond the reach of a second application of his sire's broom, fell littering over the path which they had just cleaned, "warm you back! I warm you back wid de broom handle, less you come down out dat." But the young negro had evidently no intention of complying with this demand of parental authority, as his higher ascent evinced; when, to cut the matter short, Augustus clenched a stone from the walling of the canal; whereupon the boy hastily descended, crying out, "Pouw, youw! don't heave um, old niggur pop; I comin' down now; don't heave um, ole niggur pop."

"That's right, old darkey! heave it into the young niggur," said an English boatman then going up the canal.

"No, don't heave um—don't heave um, ole niggur, Jim—come down now," roared the boy, seated in the crotch of the tree, just beyond the reach of his father's broom.

Here the attention of both Peter and Augustus was diverted by a passing boat shooting rapidly along, pulled by four English sailors, and steered by an elderly man in a gold-laced

coat, gold-laced hat, and wearing a belt stuck with pistols, while a sword was lying on the thwart before him. Jim, taking advantage of the opportunity, slipped down the tree, but not unobserved, for "ole niggur pop" turned in time to deal the youngster a thwacking thump across his broad shining back, which elicited another edition of "Pouw youw;" and with this salutary admonition the young whelp slunk into the yard, at the side of the house, and disappeared.

"But vat you tink, (said Peter, resuming the thread of the conversation which had been interrupted by the frolicksome Jim,) vat you tink, uncle 'Guss, 'bout Missey Evvy; you tink she lub dis Capp'n Vinsunt, eh, ole niggur?" "Don't know, Pete, don't know, (replied the sagacious Augustus, with a knowing shake of the head, which put his 'don't know Pete' at once to shame,) ole niggur must 'nt tell ob all he know."

"Cum, uncle 'Guss, you need'nt be afeard of ole Pete, any how now. Ole Pete nebbur tole of 'Guss and Missey Dinar when dey went for hunt eggs togedder in hay rick, eh ole niggur? choogh — hoogh!" and the secret-keeping Peter indulged in a long loud obstreperous burst of merriment, to the great discomfiture and annoyance of his sable ally.

"Hooh! you Coromanchee black, what for you make such debble outroar?" said the downcast Augustus, at the thought that his wooing had been witnessed by Black Pete, the blackest negro, and most notorious gossip in

the colony. "'Spose you want make muss, Pete, and go for tell ole ooman, eh?" "No, no, uncle 'Guss, Pete know better dan dat; but come now, ole niggur," said he, in a conciliating tone, drawing forth at the same time from the capacious pouch of his galligaskins two pieces of fine leaf tobacco, which he had purloined from his master's pipe pouch, "Pete got two piece ob gen'leman's sort; you tell Pete what you know bout. Missey Evvy and Capp'n Vinsunt, and he guv ole 'Guss one piece."

The eyes of "uncle 'Guss" rolled about with a peculiar sort of twinkle at sight of the delicious weed, and he extended a huge ebony paw to receive the wages of the disclosure which he was about to make, which no sooner had he grasped than he pitched upon Peter in the bitterest tone of invective. "Ha you, Pete, where you get him, eh? debble niggur stole him, eh? Gooch choogh! 'spose you no keep dark bout Uncle 'Guss and Missey Dinar, ole 'Guss tell Massa Von Brooter, den Pete go poney, eh, ole niggur?" "Gorry, Uncle 'Guss," said Peter, rolling about his orbs of vision in pure astonishment till only the whites were visible. "Gorry, uncle 'Guss, you play niggur trick, eh, whooh hooh!" and with a yell that might have startled the solitudes of Africa, with upraised broom he rushed upon the deceitful uncle Augustus. But uncle 'Guss had watched the first burst of passion, and slyly retreated towards the gate which opened on a path leading to the side of the house, and from

behind which he manfully returned all Peter's blows, with this advantage, that while Pete's broomstick fell upon the fence at every blow, his rung a full change on the scone of the luckless beseiger. At this moment the original causes of this memorable combat made their appearance issuing from the side-door of the house in the persons of a male and female. The female was evidently of the gentry, as her dress bespoke, which was composed of a light silk, open on the breast, to display a fine linen cambric stomacher, beautifully wrought with curious workmanship of flowers standing out in bold relief. The upper edge of this stomacher was trimmed with the finest production of Mechlin's curious art, (so much coveted at the present day) and very broad. A ruff of three folds of like material with the stomacher, very finely quilled, and trimmed with a very narrow edging of lace, served partially to conceal a neck of exquisite proportions and classically fair. The sleeves, which were tight, terminated in fine ruffled cuffs, overhanging a small white hand, the fingers of which were glistening with gems of other climes. The dress itself was much longer in the skirt than was then generally worn, falling in graceful folds nearly to the feet, which were delicately small, and cased in white silk stockings of very fine texture, which were again covered by calf-skin shoes very similar to those worn at the present day. On the head was a small cap coming three quarters of the way to the forehead, and fitting very closely. The female

was in person of a middle stature, and exquisitely lovely. Such was Elvellynne de Monford, or, as the old domestic styled her, "Missey Evvy."

Her companion was a man of tall commanding stature, fine face and happy mein. England had stamped her impress on his noble brow, and declared him at once to be a Briton. His dress was a naval uniform of a captain's grade, made of fine blue broad-cloth slashed at the sleeve, from beneath which peeped a delicate ruffle around the wrist,—the outward mark (in those days) of gentility. His nether garment was confined at the knee by a large golden knee-buckle, on which was engraved a coat of arms, and displayed a leg of finely-formed proportions. Below the knee the limb, as was usual, was not covered with a large top-boot, but merely encased in black silk stockings and light pumps, which, like the breeches, were confined by a sparkling buckle, but of smaller dimensions, though bearing the coat of arms.

"Hooh, Gorry, dar come Missey Evvy and Capp'n Vinsunt," involuntarily exclaimed Peter, slinking along the trottoir till hid by the building, while "uncle 'Guss," unable to effect a precipitate retreat, betook himself busily to his former occupation.

Captain La Vincent had already proceeded half way to the gate when a soft silvery voice arrested his attention and he returned. Elvellynne was still standing on the "stoope," and bade him tarry a moment while she went in

the house. A minute after she returned with a large camblet cloak, which she playfully threw over his shoulders, to conceal his uniform while passing over to the redoubt where lay his boat. This was a necessary precaution, (though not willingly acceded to by the young man) for an English officer in the heart of an enemy's settlement was open to abuse as well as imprisonment if detected.

"But, but you would not, Elvellynne," said the young man, half endeavouring to shake off the garment, which she as obstinately replaced, "you would not have me wear ~~this~~ great cumbersome cloak, on this hot September day!" "Indeed though I would," replied Elvellynne; "and mind, sir knight, that it be not doffed till you are once more safely on the decks of the Greyhound, which if you again desert to come and visit me, I will betray you into the hands of Governor Colve, and have you imprisoned in the old Stadt Huys."

"I am already your prisoner," replied the young man, in a tone of gallantry; "but really there is no danger, no necessity whatever of this disguise. No one will molest me; and if they do, why I have, you know, a good Andrew Ferrara at my side. No, no, Elvellynne," continued he, "I shall reach my boat in perfect security, for you know I traversed the city from thence to this place but a few hours since, and that too without meeting even a scowling brow."

"Aye truly, Charles, but that was before daylight, when, if you had met any one besides

the watch, you would not have had light enough to discern if they had any brow. You must, indeed you must, bold Captain, surrender, and submit to be conquered this time by a woman; and so saying, Elvellynne stooped, and taking up the old cloak which the captain had thrown down, once more placed it over his shoulders, and with a good hearty smack, (for gentle reader, that was the custom of 1673,) bade him adieu, and turned within the house. The young man with a bad grace submitted to the infliction of the cloak, for a few moments, and then having seen his fair protectress fairly within the walls of the building, again threw the offensive garment from his shoulders, and giving it in charge of the two slaves, not forgetting a small *douceur* of coin, betook himself with rapid strides along the trottoir towards the westerly side of the town. As he passed by the termination of the canal in Princess-st, (now Beaver,) his eye rested upon the form of him who had a few moments before attracted the attention of uncle Guss and black Pete. He was a man of apparently about fifty-five years of age, a fine face, and powerful frame. The stranger had just stepped from his boat, and was buckling to his side the sword which had lain during the passage up the canal on the thwart before him, when Captain La Vincent first spied him. For a moment the young man's suspicions were aroused, and he involuntarily stopped with his gaze fixed upon the stranger. When the object of his scrutiny, having made fast his

sword, turned towards the trottoir; he too seemed seized with some sudden wonder, and in turn, gazed upon the young man, but with very different emotions. He was fixed with astonishment at seeing a man in the uniform of an English Navy Captain in apparent security, roaming through the heart of an enemy's city, for England and the States General were then at war, while Captain La Vincent thought he recognized in the stranger the person of a notable pirate who was at that time infesting these waters, and whom he had once before met boldly traversing the streets of Boston. His gaze was met by a stern unquailing eye, and thinking that he might perhaps be mistaken, and at the same time reflecting that he was in the midst of a hostile power, the young man again proceeded onward. Turning out of Princess-street into the Broadway, he came directly upon the fort and Governor's house. Several soldiers were lounging about, leaning upon the fence of the governor's garden, within which, pacing up and down, was the governor himself. Admonished by these sights, that he was not in exactly the safest place in the world, and buried in a reverie, wherein Elvellynne De Montford, a country seat on the Thames, and sundry other little matters held the most prominent places, the young man was not aware of the approach of three soldiers till one of them tapping him on the shoulder, intimated that the governor would speak with him. His first impulse was to lay his hand on the sword whose boasted

aid had been his reliance, but seeing that all around was peaceful, and reflecting that the governor only wished "to speak with him," he turned towards the garden, but not more than half liking the distribution of his companions, one of whom walked on either side, and the third behind him with a bayonet fixed on his musket. On reaching the garden he was accosted by the governor, and confronted with his own boat's crew (under a guard of soldiers,) which crew he supposed till that moment lying by the redoubt. Under a file of soldiers the young man, with his boat's crew, was marched along the docks to the Stadt Huys, or City Hall, then standing at the head of Coenties slip on Pearl street. As they were filing out of the garden gate into the Broadway, La Vincent could not avoid casting one longing look towards Princess street, and thinking of the ill-fated cloak which had he worn, as Elvellynne desired him to do, might have screened his person from notice till he should have been warned by the absence of his boat's crew, that something of danger was surrounding him. As he looked up the Broadway, his eye caught the form of a female standing on the corner of Princess-street, which his fears at once told him was the person of Elvellynne De Montford. He looked again to make "assurance doubly sure," but the form had vanished, and he was left to his own thoughts. A thousand times he cursed his folly; first, for having entered the enemy's stronghold in a glaring uniform, and again, for not complying with

Elvellynne's advice concerning the cloak. His knowledge of the Dutch language was slight, but, still sufficient for him to catch the words spy, sent over, England, hanged, from which detached fragments of thought expressed, he gathered the very comfortable intimation that he would probably be tried, condemned, and hanged, as a spy. In no very enviable state of mind he entered the Stadt Huys, and was conducted to the council chamber there to undergo an examination.

The Governor and his officers soon arrived, and taking their places, the prisoners were brought forward for examination. Some one member of the court suggested that the prisoners be examined separately, and have, after their examination, no communication with the rest. This suggestion was at once adopted, (though probably the honest Dutchmen did not see into its utility,) and accordingly Captain La Vincent, as the principal prisoner, was first brought forward. The examination, which was long and severe, and conducted principally under the guidance of Captain Colve himself, resulted, much to the satisfaction of all, that the prisoner was a spy, and, as indubitably such, had been taken within the very walls of the city. Justice, and particularly military justice, in those days, was sometimes very summary, and as La Vincent looked around the court, and heard the murmurs of approbation at the decision, his heart began to fail him, and he feared lest, without farther investigation, he might be led out to the first tree, and there, at

once, receive his quietus, which, by the way, is no very pleasant contemplation to a young man of twenty-four, who, half-an-hour ago, was thinking of a country retreat on the Thames, a lovely wife, and "other little things."

He felt half-inclined, at the expense of his feelings, to declare to the court the object of his coming into the city, and then, when the declaration trembled upon his lips, the idea of subjecting the name of Elvellynne De Montford to be bantered about in the public mouth, and perhaps to be the theme of ribaldry and jest among the rude soldiery, as often deterred him. In this dilemma, there was a commotion in the court among those nearest the door, and soon the cause of it made his appearance in the person of Alderman Von Brooter, a member of the common council, guardian of Elvellynne, and owner of the good old Dutch mansion, where we first met Captain La Vincent and Elvellynne on the "stoope." Puffing and blowing, up came the Alderman, pipe in mouth, and stumping up to the seat of the Governor, begged permission to address the court, which being granted, he deposed that Captain La Vincent, commanding His Majesty's (Charles II.) sloop of war, Greyhound, had come ashore that morning with peaceable intent, and with no other purpose than to pay his respects to his ward, Elvellynne De Montford. The good Alderman went on with his deposition, and, after a long speech, concluded by begging that the court would dismiss the prisoner in peace, with a present of pipes, to

remunerate him for the indignities suffered. At first it was thought that the Alderman's suggestions and deposition would have great weight with the court in its decision, and all had been carried away by the good Alderman's speech, and enlisted as strongly in behalf of the prisoner as, a few moments before, they had tilted against him. All were now anxious for his dismissal, partly for the sake of their favourite, the Alderman, partly on account of la belle Elvellynne, and again on account of the prepossessing demeanour of the noble captive before them, who, they did not believe, would be guilty of the meanness of a spy.

But expectation was, for once, disappointed, and even the prisoner's countenance became momentarily overcast, when he was remanded for farther examination on the morrow. At this critical moment, there was a second commotion in the court, caused by the opening and shutting of the large door immediately fronting the Governor, and the stately form of Elvellynne De Montford was seen moving up the chamber till confronted with the judges. Her dress was the same as that in which she had, a short time since, parted with her lover. She cast a look of half-love, half-reproach at La Vincent, as she passed up the space involuntarily opened for her, tacitly upbraiding him with having neglected her advice. Her deposition was very similar to her guardian's, but touching more remotely upon those delicate points which the good Alderman had stumbled headlong into, still, in substance, the same. Having con-

cluded her attestation, Elvellynne sat down nearly exhausted, nor could she be persuaded by her guardian to leave the chamber, till some final decision. The court, at first, was staggered by so strong and respectable a corroboration of testimony, but, after wavering a little, again attained its balance, and a second time remanded the prisoner "for farther examination on the morrow." This was equal to a sentence of death, as all were aware, and no sooner was it pronounced than, with a tearless eye, though blanched cheek, the stately form of the maiden was again seen passing down the long chamber with unfaltering step, till hid by the large iron-studded door. A slight quiver of the lip was discernible as she passed by the nearest of the spectators, and once, but once only, La Vincent thought, as she passed by and turned upon him her full, beautiful eyes, he could distinguish the slight sound of a tremulous sigh. The prisoners were conducted to strong cells beneath the very council-chamber, and the court adjourned to convene on the morrow, and pass sentence of death on the innocent and brave.

CHAPTER II.

WITH the same stately step and look of determination, the maiden traversed the narrow streets, till she arrived at the mansion which we have described, in Princess-street. Passing over the very spot where three hours since, she had parted with her lover, Elvellynne entered the mansion, and proceeded through certain curious crooked bye-ways, known only to Dutch architects, till a small door arrested her progress. This she opened by means of a key which hung at her girdle, and entering the apartment, carefully closed and locked the portal behind her. She threw herself into a large arm chair which was somewhat gaudily arrayed, and resting her head on her hand, gave way, not to tears, but serious reflection.

The apartment in which she was seated was small and so altogether unlike the apartments of those days, that we deem it necessary here to say a word concerning it, in order that the reader may the better understand any scene which might hereafter occur in this petit boudoir. The little room was in the north-west corner of the house on the first story, and the windows both on the north and west looked out on a spacious garden which ran along present New-street, then called Nieuw-straat, or stradt. One of these, the one looking westerly, was open. The floor (which was very uncommon for even the Governor's floors, were sprinkled

with white sand) was covered with a soft carpet, which betrayed no approaching foot-fall. The furniture was a perfect curiosity, being made of bona-fide mahogany, and elegantly plain. A large scroll sofa, stood in one corner, with hair cushions, which were slightly pressed, and indicated that the owner of the apartment, had probably not long since, occupied it. On the couch, was a volume of Spenser's Faery Queen, still lying open, and near by a small stand of French workmanship, on which was lying some very ancient music, and that most difficult of all instruments to perform on, an arch-lute. In one corner of this elegant retreat, stood an upright book-case, containing a collection of lore, which an antiquary might envy. Near by the old arm-chair, before referred to, stood a diamond-shaped table, scattered over whose surface, lay books, some articles of needle-work, and a small box containing the implements used in female workmanship. Near one of the sharp angles of the table, stood a small silver bell. Cushioned tabouréts were scattered promiscuously about the chamber, on one of which, the maiden was now resting her foot. In this little retreat, Elvellynne De Montford, was wont to pass her leisure hours, giving herself up to the delights of literature, (a taste for which, had been imbibed in England and France,) or finding employment in some delicate piece of workmanship. Here too, she was wont to sit in silent reverie, and think of her lover, Charles La Vincent, (and who will blame her?) and of the

happy hours they had spent together, while roaming over the smiling provinces of "sunny France." This little abode had been granted her by her good guardian, (whom she always called uncle,) to be exclusively her own, and she had fitted it up after her own taste, with furniture brought from Europe. Here she could retire when sorrow pressed upon her heart, and unmolested, in this little solitude, sigh and wish for better times.

Elvellynne De Montford was the child of misfortune, for her parentage was unknown, even by herself. At the tender age of four years, she had been left at Alderman Von Brooter's house one evening, by a young Irish sailor, with a note written in the English language, in which Alderman Von Brooter, was charged to guard and watch over her, and send her (so soon as old enough) to Europe, for the purpose of receiving the best education which could then be had. Enclosed within the note, was an order on one of the largest merchants in Amsterdam, for 11,000 pounds sterling, (or about 50,000 dollars) which the good alderman looked upon as rather a hoax, but which nevertheless, he determined to draw for, together with some information concerning his little protégé. Accordingly by the first ship, the order was sent, and by the next ship, to the alderman's no small wonderment, duly came the sum drawn for, together with a letter from the merchants, stating that the sum mentioned, had been placed in their hands shortly before, subject to his (Alderman Von Brooter's) draft,

but that farther than this, they knew nothing. This was a mystery which all the good burgher's efforts were unable to solve; and his zeal at length being wearied, he determined to let the matter rest, and act according to the injunctions laid down in the anonymous letter. The little Elvellynne grew up to be a beautiful girl, and by her winning graces and ready conceptions, completely captivated the good man's affections, which he transferred (at the death of his "goede vroeuw" that happening the same year with Elvellynne's advent) to the little stranger.

At the age of ten, the good man determined (though unwillingly) to obey his directions and send her to Europe, to be instructed by the most expert masters of the day. At the time of her introduction to the reader, Elvellynne had been but eighteen months returned, after perfecting her education, and was in her eighteenth year. It was since her return that she had fitted up the little abode where we last saw her, and where for the present, we shall leave her.

. Our scene now necessarily shifts, but not very far. Turning out of Princess-street and proceeding along the Here-Graft, on the trottoir, we come to an old-looking house of one story, with a very high pediment roof, standing on the corner of Garden-street, (now Exchange Place) and fronting on the "Here-Graft," or Broad-street. The house is evidently a public one, or ferry-house, as the crowd of idlers about the door and within the tap-room indicates. An old sign in the shape of a boat,

(true Dutch build) and two oars twice the length of said boat, is lazily swinging on its creaking hinges, to the gentle breeze. The building itself is composed of rusty Dutch brick, and has but two windows in front, one high up near the garret, and the other by the side of the door, which opens at one corner of the building. The window below is shaped like a show window, and glitters with an array of old Dutch bottles, filled with good Hollands, and other liquors.

The front, which we have just been describing, is literally the end, for the building stands with its gable end towards the public way. The side on Garden-street has a door with a stoop and a window on either side. Above are two dormer windows looking out on the moss-clad roof, which is not tiled but shingled. In front of the house, and on the side of the trottoir nearest to the canal, stands a post, to which a boat is attached by a rope. Sundry boats are passing up and down the canal, but none like the one we have mentioned, which was clinker built and English modelled. Three or four sailors were at the time of our story (which might be about four o'clock in the afternoon) loitering about the tap-room door, and in true English style cracking their bull-dog jokes on the slow moving systematic Dutchmen, and now and then practically illustrating their spirit by treading accidentally on Mynheer's toes, or pulling his low-crowned broad-brimmed hat over his eyes. This was the "Ferry-House," so called, notable for its good liquors, moderate

prices, obliging landlady, and kept by one A Bonny, more familiarly styled Dame Bonny; the night-cap, from the fact of her head being the same both for day and night. Dame Bonny was a good-natured, obliging dame two-score years and five, always ready to h a customer, and always ready to praise own Hollands. In fact, she kept the b liquors in the colony; and many whispered that Dame Bonny's puncheons were never landed at the mole, which was then the la but found a nearer way by a short cut to the cellars. Be that as it may, the good dame never found fault with any one, but sold at low prices than any one else, and better liquors to Many a good burgher might be seen after night fall, and before the ringing of the great bell within the fort, soberly trudging along the trottoir in the direction of Dame Bonny's little hotel; but whether they as soberly returned, is not our province or inclination to disclose. Even the fat good-natured face of our friend the alderman was not an entire novelty to the dame; and she as readily dealt out her good things to the prying authorities as to others notwithstanding frequent shoulder shrugging and some whispers. There was one customer, however, to whom she was more than usually attentive, and for reasons best known to herself. The dame was standing in one corner of the little tap-room, holding a whispering conversation with one of the before-mentioned sailors, and seemed very attentively listening to the tar, who was very earnest and

violently gesticulating, when a thump on the floor of an adjoining room arrested her attention. It could be no ordinary matter that would have sent the dame thus hastily bustling out of the tap-room, smoothing down her short-gown, and stopping a moment at a small glass to see that her trim, neat-looking cap was nicely adjusted. Another thump impatiently following fast upon the heels of the first, caused the good dame to cut short her hasty toilet and obey the summons. Leaving the tap-room, she passed through a small side-door scarcely large enough to admit her rotund personage, (for the dame was portly and of good dimensions) and found herself immediately in the presence of the very customer whom we have mentioned above as claiming more than a due share of her attention.

He was a man of perhaps fifty-five or thereabouts, somewhat of a portly appearance and herculean frame. Time had grizzled his locks and stamped upon his features the impress of the passions which had left deep furrows to mark how fierce had been their power. A small, twinkling, grey eye yet shone with all the fire of vigorous manhood, and told that the spark within was not so extinguished but that a slight breath would easily resuscitate it. His brow was high and open, though traversed by two deep indentations on either side, commencing at the temple and gradually falling to the inner end of the eyebrows. His dress was a gold-laced coat and breeches of the same, confined at the knee, at which point they were met

by heavy top-boots. His neckerchief was loosely tied around a finely-formed neck, and his whole tout-ensemble was such as would at once declare him at the present day to be one of those who go down to the sea in ships; in fact he was the owner of the boat floating at the door, and the very personage who had in the forenoon attracted the attention of uncle 'Guss and Peter, and afterwards of La Vincent himself. He was attentively scanning a miniature when Dame Bonny opened the door, which he hastily thrust in his bosom at her appearance, and thus accosted her,—

“Ah, Mistress Bonny, you are looking hale and well; time wears well with you; how is little David?” “Oh the child is well, sir, saving the bit of a mark left on his cheek by the hook.”

“Ah that's well, dame; I was afraid he might have suffered somewhat with the wound. But how is the last run of Hollands: good, isn't it?” “Ah, Admiral, never was there better; but you must try a glass of the same, so as not to forget it. Here, Paul! Paulus Spleutcher!” “Nay, nay, I thank you, Mistress Bonny, but I have not forgotten the flavour, seeing that I had a brush with a bit of a lugger in getting off, and have now some of the brand on board the Merry Christmas.” “But, Admiral, you had better try a little, one little glass,” said the coaxing dame, stepping towards the tap-room door, for the purpose of bringing the liquor in question herself. “Nay, nay, dame,” said the stranger, who was no less a personage than

Ephraim Lowe, admiral of the pirate fleet in these seas. "I thank you again; but I have that on hand which requires a clear head, and would be your debtor if you will keep Paul from imbibing too much of that same Hollands, and send him here, for I have need of him."

The good woman took from the table at which the admiral was seated, the remains of a plate of crackers, and a dish which had contained eggs, and disappeared. This had been his only meal since the morning, and was his uniform diet whenever on shore. Occasionally the admiral indulged in a very weak potation of Hollands, but very rarely, as temperance in food and drink was his constant practice. The result of this regimen was as might be expected, good health, great bodily strength, and a very clear strong mind, which had enabled him through a long life to avoid the snares set for him, and preserve a stern systematic discipline over the rude men whom he commanded. Ephraim Lowe, (or as he had been jocosely dubbed, "mighty Ephraim," from the fact of his having unarmed, and single handed, with his clenched fist, struck down a furious bull which was making at him when ashore at Buenos Ayres,) had from his superior knowledge, great physical strength and stern upright demeanour, been appointed by a unanimous voice of the pirates, (who had a rendezvous at Barnegat inlet,) Admiral and chief commander of their forces, with power to form a code of laws whereby they might be better regulated as to their distribution of booty

and arrangements at the different rendezvous ! It was thus that he came by the soubriquet of Admiral Lowe.

But to return to our story. In a few moments the little door, through which the dame had vanished again opened, and the person above alluded to as Paulus Spleutcher, made his appearance. He was a tall merry-faced, shrewd looking son of Erin ; and like all that tribe, when they get in a dilemma, not knowing how to do it otherwise, opened the interview by scratching his head. " Ah, the top o' the morhnin ty yee admiral, an how is it yee ar. Can Paulus Spleutcher be of inny sarvice to yee, for it's tired he's ghetin of this divilish land cruising, and would be afther a taste of the salt say water agin." " Good day, Paul ; good day ;" good-naturedly replied the admiral, so you want to be tripping over the merry seas again." " Ah, indeed, and its just that same I'd be afther dooin, yer honour has hit it exactly."

" But Paul you are at present occupied here, and how can you leave ? The dame would miss so good a hand as yourself."

" Och, oogh ! the devil a bit would mistress Bonny be after missing Paul ; and she's a good woman, too, that same Misthress Bonny."

" Ah, Paul, it was a bad business that, your leaving the Merry Christmas to sail under land colours." " Indeed an it was, Admiral Lowe, an Paul wud like agin to be in the fleet." " Well Paul, I must not rōb the dame, but I will see

her, and if she wills, you shall be on board the brig ere this time on the morrow."

"Thank yer honour, blissins on yer owld head," said the grateful Paul, turning to leave the apartment; but the admiral called him back. "Paul, (said he) I have something on hand which behooves me to put you "on duty. You remember that some thirteen or fourteen years ago, you were charged with an infant child to deliver at the house of a burgher in the settlement; one Oolen Von Brooter. Yes, yes, yer honour; I do, an by the same token that she's the swatest lass in the whole colony at this day. Paul has kept his eye on the bit babby, and there's not a sowl in the Orange, (Paul meant Nieuw Orange probably) fore an aft that wud 'nt go to the death for Miss Elvellane; och Admiral, (continued Paul, launching forth in expatiation upon his favourite,) she's a swate cratur an she is, minny blessins on her head; she saved Paul from the powney and the powst wonst, and when the puncheon in the cellar (bad luck to it) rowled off the skidd, and browk my arm, was'nt it she the darlint that even came here herself to see Paul, and bring him swates and bandage his arm, an make him comfortable like, an she too a stranger to Paul, and niver laid eyes on him afore as she knowed, ounly Paul knows that she did wonst afore, and that was when he carried the swate rheud bleugh, and left her at Oolen Von Brooters." "Well Paul, well," interrupted the admiral, smiling at the Irishman's affection, and feeling assured, that he would go any length to serve the

"swate cratur;" but at the same time admonished by a small golden repeater lying on the table by his sword, that time "was waning apace." "Would you like to dō Miss Elvellynne a service?" "Faix, an that same wud I." "Very well then, Paul, now listen to me, and only answer the questions which I shall put to you, and I will show you how you can tenfold repay all the kindness which Elvellynne De Montford has ever shown you." The grateful Paul's eyes glistened with moisture at the thought; and the admiral proceeded. "Are you well acquainted with the city, Paul?" "Yer honour, I am," replied Paul, careful to avoid any unnecessary words, as Lowe had directed him. "Could you, in an emergency, find stowage for three, so close that the Hoofd-Schout, (high sheriff) if close at their heels, should not come upon them. "Faix," Misthur Admiral, an that's what I could by the same token that I have had a little hexperience in the same," (Paul had been an arrant rogue, and given more trouble to the city authorities than any other man in the settlement.) "Very well" said the admiral; but farther, do you know the Stadt Huys. "Yes, yer honour." "And the prison cells beneath." "Ah, an it's there Paul's at home, yer honour, by the same towken that he's been a tinant rent free thray times widin ayteen months."

"That will do, then, very well. Do you, know who Elvellynne De Montford is." "No, yer honour, ownly that owld Mary give her to me, and towld me where to take her, blæssins

on her sowl." "Well, Paul," said the Admiral, approaching closer to him, "I told you I had something on hand, and something for you to do: now I will tell you what it is. I know you of old, Paul, to be trusty and faithful; for you were able to go to the main truck before you were five years old, and never left my ship till three years ago; but nevertheless you know the laws of the Merry Christmas and the fate of treachery. You remember James Donnoven, the Swede?" "Aye, faix, an' I do." "That is sufficient. Do you know a Captain La Vincent, a British officer, who is cruising about in these waters in pursuit of pirates, and commands the Greyhound sloop of war?" "Yes, yer honour; I've sane him at the Alderman's; and a nate sprig he is, barrin' his trade." "Well, Paul, this same Captain La Vincent was fool-hardy enough to leave his vessel last night, and come ashore to see the maiden called Elvellynne De Montford. The authorities have laid violent hands on him, and he is now a prisoner in the Stadt Huys. Tomorrow there is to be a trial, and before this time twenty-four hours the prisoner will swing from the old tree by the fort, unless rescued to-night; and I have sent for you, Paul, to get him free. You must do it."

Paul started back in utter astonishment. He knew the Admiral to be at swords' points with the British, and knew that orders had been given out through the fleet, that every Englishman taken should have his nose slit in three places. This rancour had been occasioned by

the taking of one of the schooners in the fleet by a cruiser of King Charles, and her crew being all hanged by the King's officers. But here was the Admiral, in the very height of his power—the pirates were very numerous and bold at that date)—the man from whom the order to mutilate had proceeded, about to undertake the liberation of ~~one~~ against whose whole nation the utmost cruelty and rigour had been declared and exercised. It was this reflection flashing across honest Paul's mind that caused him involuntarily to start back and exclaim, "But he's a Briton, yer honour."

"True, Paul," responded the Admiral in a determined tone, "but he must be liberated, and that too not for his sake, but that of Elvellynne de Montford, whom you will serve more than in any other way by attending to my instructions."

Reconciled to the thought of liberating a Briton by the reflection that he was about to serve his benefactress, Paul lent an attentive ear while the Admiral unfolded to him the existing relation of affairs between Elvellynne and her lover. A plan was formed for the liberation of the unfortunate young officer, and the Admiral again seated himself at the table, desiring Paul to call Jacques, and giving him the parting admonition to "remember the trysting tree two hours after bell-ringing." With a light heart, Paulus Spleutcher left the little apartment, and sought out the elderly-looking tar with whom the dame had been conversing when first summoned to attend upon the Admiral

CHAPTER III.

WE left Elvellynne De Montford seated in the old arm chair in her little retreat. The sun was just descending the western horizon, and beaming brightly through the open casement, playing around her feet in golden streaks, as if in very mockery of her feelings. There had she sat in that chair for four long hours, without scarcely changing her position, ruminating over the change that a few hours had wrought in her destiny, and endeavouring to light upon some plan by which she might be of service to her lover. A thousand and a thousand expedients suggested themselves to her, which, upon deliberation, were severally rejected as fast as made. At one time she resolved to go and throw herself at the Governor's feet, and plead with him in solitude for that leniency which she had seen him so little disposed to exercise in public. Then she reflected that if so strong a corroboration of testimony as had been made in behalf of La Vincent would not move him, what could the supplications of a maiden effect, who was praying for merely a granted favour. Again she turned her thoughts to the prison-house, and exerted all her energies in futile attempts to plan some means of effecting the prisoner's escape. Here too she was repulsed by failure; and in these vain attempts she passed the time, till

the sombre twilight had come and gone, and the first darkness of night was fast setting in. Every moment was bringing nearer the dreaded morrow, and she shuddered and groaned audibly as she thought of her lover suffering an ignominious death in a distant land, far from friends and home, and without one friend to soothe his last moments, one consoling word to cheer him ; but, on the contrary, the hoots, hisses, and revilings of the gazing mob. In this terrible state of distraction and agony, overcome by her mental exertions, all hopelessly exercised, and frantic with doubt, fear, and perplexity, she uttered a faint, half-smothered exclamation, and sunk lifeless in the chair. At this moment the figure of a man was visible at the window peering cautiously around in the room, and in another moment the person of Ephraim Lowe passed through the aperture, and gently lifting the lifeless form of the maiden in his powerful arms, he leapt through the same passage, and vaulting the low fence, stood in the open street.

With a swift and noiseless step, the Admiral glided around the corner of Nieuw Straat, and emerged upon the trottoir in Princess-street, before alluded to. Passing down Princess-street, and in front of Alderman Von Brooter's house, he was met by one of the city watch, already set, who opposed his farther progress.

" Ah, what have you there, sirrah ?" (said the watch, not recognising through the darkness the form of the lifeless girl, but mistaking the white drapery for some stolen goods, and the

Admiral for a thief,) "Come, come, I've got you this bout at last, my hearty," and laying his hand upon the Admiral's shoulder declared him a prisoner.

"Pass on and leave me unmolested," said the Admiral in a stern harsh voice, but the watchman elated with his success at nabbing a supposed thief, and dreaming in golden visions of the reward which would fall to him, showed no indications of obeying the command, but in a very summary manner, commenced hauling along his prize. The Admiral with one arm pushed him aside and succeeded in passing him on the trottoir. But the sturdy Charley again seized his prize, and was about to raise an alarm, when Lowe, shifting his burden from the right to the left arm, struck the unfortunate guardian of the night full on the head. The man fell lifeless and never spoke more. The blow intended only to silence had fallen with such force as to crash through the skull, leaving the indentation of four knuckles. Again the Admiral pursued his course, and unmolested arrived at Dame Bonny's. Passing through the side door in Garden-street, he entered the apartment where we have before seen him, and depositing his burden upon a rude settee in one corner, summoned the dame, under whose hands and kind attention Elvellynne soon recovered.

The Admiral was seated by her, kindly chafing her little hand and exciting dame Bonny to accelerate her movements. "Indeed, Admiral," returned the dame, (as he again urged her to expedite her motions a little) "in-

deed I am making all haste, the maiden is doing well and you will soon enough hear the rating of her tongue, when she finds how she came here, but you are a kind man, Admiral," continued the dame, struck with his solicitude, "and take as much interest in the girl, as if she were your own bone and flesh." A momentary cloud flitted across the pirate's truly fine face, at the dame's random suggestion, but immediately the features settled down in an expression of calm melancholy, and he again betook himself more assiduously than before to his occupation of chafing Elvellynne's cold hand. While the dame was absent for some strong waters, (the only orthodox restorative in those days) Elvellynne opened her eyes and gradually returned to a state of consciousness. At first she was bewildered, on gazing around the apartment and finding every thing new and unknown to her and a stranger by her side, so familiarly but kindly attending her. Her first question was, "Where am I?"

"Safe," replied the Admiral, and stooping down he whispered in the maiden's ear a word. Elvellynne started from the couch with a sudden motion and spoke. "Prove, it" said she, "prove it, and"—here the portly dame rustled through the door, but at a waive of the Admiral's hand, again retired. Lowe took Elvellynne's hand affectionately in his own, "You had," said he, "a small locket, with a golden back on which was inscribed the initials, A. H., have you the locket now?" Elvellynne drew from her bosom the trinket and handed it

to him. He looked at it attentively for a moment and placing his thumb on one side slightly pressed the edge. The back moved on its hinge and disclosed to Elvellynne's wondering eyes, the face and bust of a beautiful woman with a coronet on her brow of strawberry leaves, and a row of pearls above the leaves. The miniature bore a marvellous resemblance to herself, and she gazed on it for a long time in silence. "It's your mother, your own dear mother," at length said the Admiral, producing another miniature, its counterpart, from his own bosom, "and you are very like her." The old man gazed long and fondly on the features of the lovely girl, and then averted his head with a sigh. The heavy jarring sound of the old bell in the fort was at that moment heard pealing along the narrow street and warning all good people that it was nine o'clock, and the hour to retire. The Admiral started up, and going to the small door, called Jacques, and asked him if the boat was all ready, and the men within call. He was answered in the affirmative, when giving the man Jacques particular injunctions to be under the bridge with the boat in two hours, he closed the door and again seated himself near Elvellynne. Taking her hand again he disclosed to her the object and original cause of her being in that strange place.

"Elvellynne de Montford," said he, "you love Charles la Vincent?" Elvellynne blushed, but firmly answered, "I do." "And you would feel your heart's wish gratified if he was be-

shining with almost the intensity of midday and throwing a mantle of mellowed golden hue around every thing. Occasionally as they emerged from the dark shade of the buildings upon a vacant lot, they too were momentarily flooded in the broad heaving light, but these conspicuous places were rapidly passed over, and as much as possible avoided by the leader.

It was at one of these vacant lots where formerly had been a fence, but which was now half thrown down, that the athletic figure above alluded to as the leader stopped suddenly, and raised his finger as an intimation of silence to his two companions.

There was a heavy trampling of feet as if in regular march, now distinctly audible, and occasionally a jarring ring of metal, as if two muskets had come in collision. As the sounds approached nearer, the leader cautiously stepped in behind the angle of the dilapidated fence and beckoned the other two to follow. Here a passing colloquy ensued between the chief and him of the bludgeon, in a low whisper which ended in the latter of the two figures stepping a little forwards to a position, where, without being himself seen, he could reconnoitre the whole street. This position was not long maintained, however, for the figure suddenly dodged again to his hiding-place behind the fence. "What is it, Paul?" asked the athletic man, "the relief guard? but 'tis not yet time for"———"Hist, hist, yer honour," replied the tall one, "and kape as quite as an unhatched babby."

The heavy regular tramp of men was now very audible, and every moment drawing nearer. "The hoofd schout, the hoofd schout," whispered Paul, as the high sheriff with a guard of ten soldiers passed the little party's hiding place, and proceeded up the Here-Graft in the direction of Dame Bonny's. "Aye, and I fear me there's mischief in the wind," returned the Admiral.

So soon as the guard were lost to sight, our little party again sallied forth and took up the line of march down the Here-Graft, using the same precautions as before, till coming to the mole they turned to the left, and followed the course of the bay along Dock-street, now Pearl.

The Stadt Huys in which the prisoners were confined was a large square two-story building standing on Dock-street and fronting on Coentjes Slip. Under the building ran a large arch which supported the council-chamber above. The base of this arch, or the distance from one springing line to the other, was probably ten feet. From this passage, on either side, went off the cells which contained the prisoners, having heavy iron-studded doors opening into the passage or arch. Here it was common to have a sentry pacing along before the building, so that at every turn he passed by the mouth of the arch. Owing to the increase of prisoners from the capture of La Vincent and his boat's crew, a double guard had been set of two sentries, one of whom was pacing before the building by the mouth of the arch, and who has before been designated by Paul as

his shillelagh, and manfully demanding satisfaction of the sentry for the insult received, reeled along towards the building, from behind an angle of which, directly opposite to the side where Elvellynne and the Admiral were ensconced, he commenced most manfully to pebble the sentry into some kind of life, all the while interlarding his pebbly shower with some such phrases as the following—"Ah, ha! take that, ye dirty divil, rust yer owld bowmes." And then when a successful shot would ring on the soldier's steel cap—"Hughk, ye spalpane, how does that sit on yer bit nob." By a succession of successful throws, the sentry was at last whipped up to a state of anger, and leaving his post, he rushed at the patriotic Irishman, who was peeping from behind the wall, and ever and anon letting fly a specimen of "ground apples." But the brave Paddy was not inclined to stand against a fixed bayonet, and with a drunken reel started off, at the same time accosting the soldier with, "Arrah, my hinney, but jist lay down yer bit baggonet, and try a bout at stick wid me, and Patrick O'Doolen's yer man." The sentry, however, was not at all inclined to comply with the enemy's request, but determining to avail himself of the "chance of war," followed up in hot pursuit after the Irishman, who was constantly running against posts and tumbling over and over, but all the while taking good care to keep a respectable distance between himself and the enraged soldier. Meanwhile the Admiral, having first repeated to Elvellynne her instruc-

tions, slipped round the angle of the building which had concealed him, and under the arch. Here he found, as has been before stated, "Sleepy Jim" enjoying the sweets of repose, not at all disturbed by the din which had been created without. Stooping to ascertain that the soldier was really asleep, the Admiral took from his girdle the bunch of rusty keys and proceeded to the door marked as number ten. It was far back in the vault, and at some distance from the sentries. After trying two or three keys, he at last introduced one which turned harshly in the lock, and the door swung slowly open. On a rude pallet, in the corner, lay the object of his search, as calmly sleeping as if in the cabin of his own ship. His clothes, with the exception of his coat, had not been doffed, which, together with his cocked-hat, was deposited carefully in one corner.

The sentry, after chasing Paul without success, and finding that he could not come up with the light-footed marauder, abandoned the pursuit as useless, and with a chop-fallen countenance returned to his post.

Elvellynne trembled as she saw the soldier once more pacing before the vault. She had just seen how difficult it had been to lure him from his post, and feared lest the second attempt, which she herself was to make, should be a total failure. The maiden's heart trembled within her at the thought of the dreadful to-morrow, if such should be the event; still she relied strongly upon the resources of the pirate, that wonderful man, who had already gained an unaccountable

influence over her. But to return to the prisoner within. There was sufficient light through the chink of a window, to allow the Admiral to discern objects around the cell. At first he feared lest the sleeper should awaken in alarm, and make some outcry, but, placing his hand on the prisoner's breast, La Vincent opened his eyes and calmly demanded who was there. "Hist, hist," said Lowe, "or we are lost! get up and follow me, and you will escape the certain death which awaits you." To his utter astonishment, La Vincent refused to avail himself of the proffered opportunity to escape, but resolutely determined to abide by the decision of the morrow's investigation, relying upon his honourable intentions for coming into the city, and asserting that on a second trial, he could convince the court of the same, and thus be honourably discharged from an imprisonment which he felt convinced had been the result of misconception. "No, no, old man," continued the young Englishman, "whoever you are, I thank you for your kindness and zeal, but cannot honourably avail myself of this opportunity, which must have been the result of much forethought and artifice, to enable you to gain peaceable access to a place so well guarded as this."

"Not avail yourself!" repeated the Admiral, disconcerted at the young officer's calm resolution, "why you may as well attempt to convince a nor'-wester as the court. But come, young man," said the Admiral, sternly, "this is no time or place for jesting; if you value

your life a straw, you will follow me and thank Elvellynne De Montford for your escape," so saying the old man turned, as if about to leave the apartment, when he was called back by La Vincent. Thinking that he was about to consent and leave the prison, Lowe gave the preconcerted signal, (a cough,) to let his confederates without understand, that it was time for them to commence their parts. At the signal Elvellynne's breath grew short, but with an effort, she summoned up all her resolution, and "tracking back," as Paul had done before, she walked deliberately down the street, and passed before the sentry. Paul, in the mean time, had crept up very close to the scene, and lay behind an old timber-head, watching for Elvellynne's appearance. No sooner did he see her, than, leaving his place of concealment, the pseudo-drunken Irishman reeled along up, and commenced a course of gallantries, which the damsel not at all relishing, applied to the sentry to put a stop to. "Ah! ha! you Irish thief, are you there again?" said "Spiteful Jo," leaving his post at once to go to the relief of the distressed damsel. "Arrah, an' it's that same I am, you Dutch divil," responded Paulus Spleutcher, at the same time taking Elvellynne up in his arms, and making off with her out of sight of the vault. The guard, as was expected, followed, and gained so fast upon Paul that he was obliged to drop his burden and run, the sentry all the while pursuing.

Another succession of falls, tumbles, and

lap-wing expedients again lured the sentry farther than before from his post, and quite round behind the building, where, to beguile him, Paul commenced another series of blackguardism. At this time the Admiral cautiously looked out, and seeing that the sentry was gone, he again pressed La Vincent to follow. "There is no time to be lost," continued he, "perhaps while we are now dallying, the opportunity may be lost." "Old man," said La Vincent, "I can not, and will not, go!—but do you make good your retreat, while you may. If, if," and his voice slightly faltered as the possibility suggested itself to him, "if I should not be able to convince the court, and should be sentenced to die the death of a spy, tell Elvellynne De Montford that La Vincent's last breath was spent in prayer for her, and give her this ring."

Here, in one moment, by an unforeseen objection, was the whole plan frustrated, an objection too, that, if foretold, would have been laughed at.

It was a moment of suspense—of awful suspense—but not of long duration, with such a man as Ephraim Lowe. With the arm of a giant, he raised the young man from his pallet, as if he had been a child, and left the cell. The door was closed and locked after him, and in another moment the powerful frame of the pirate was stooping over the sleeping sentry, to deposite the keys. A pistol from his bosom fell upon the sleeper, as the old man was stoop-

ing down to restore the keys, and awakened him.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry, mechanically, starting up and attempting to seize his musket, but the Admiral's foot was upon it, and he replied, drawing the other pistol from his bosom, (the mate to the one which had caused the mischief,)—

"I go here, Ephraim Lowe! and a word of alarm from you will be your death-signal. Follow me!" said he sternly, presenting the pistol to the sentry's head. The talismanic name thrilled through the bosom of La Vincent, and struck the astonished sentry at once dumb. La Vincent, without any resistance, gave himself up to the guidance of this strange and extraordinary man, and "Sleepy Jim" followed in silence.

The name of Lowe was one which had become truly terrible within a very few years, in these waters, and was hardly mentioned by the common ignorant people, save in a whisper, and then with a shudder. The nurses used the name to frighten their restive charges into docility, the slaves were terrified into obedience and tractability at the very sound of the dreaded cognomen "mighty Ephraim," and all united in fear and hate of this uncommon man, concerning whom so little was really known. Had the citizen, when passing the fine looking old man on the trottoir, been told that he was within reach of that dreaded and notable pirate, the honest burgher would probably have leapt into the canal. Every thing that was

dreadful and terrible, had been attached to his name, and yet the old man was so little known, as to be a frequent visiter at the city, roaming all over, even within the very walls of the fort. Half of the wealth of the city, would have been willingly given for the pirate's head, and yet the little city had never been the subject of his persecution, but rather of his kindness. But the notoriety was his, and such is the power of association and fear, that he was believed to be by many, nothing short of old nick himself. This dread was not alone confined to the lower and ignorant citizens, the canaille, but extended even to the upper classes. It is not then to be wondered at, that the name should have acted with such talismanic power upon the sentry, and even Captain La Vincent himself. Proceeding then in silence, the three passed out from beneath the arch, and swiftly passed along by the same path our little party had a short time before traversed. The Admiral led the way, keeping "sleepy Jim" before him, more dead than alive, while La Vincent followed. It seems the fate of mortals to be thwarted by the presence of crowds, when they would wish beyond all other times to be alone. It was so in the present case, for when nearly up to the bridge, under which the admiral had ordered Jacques to lie with the boat, (which once gained, would put them beyond the fear of pursuit,) the measured tread of the patrol going the rounds was heard, and the fugitives were forced to screen themselves behind some old casks,

which fortunately offered a kindly shelter. "Stoop low and be silent," said the Admiral, addressing his captive, and holding a pistol to his head, while poor James the Sleepy cowered down in fear and trembling. The patrol passed, and were soon out of sight, when the little party again moved on. "Now," said the Admiral, as they approached the bridge, "now we are safe. Captain La Vincent, I will thank you to stand guard over this wakeful sentry, for a moment, while I go down." So saying, the Admiral descended the steep bank which led down to the canal, and when low enough to look under the bridge, saw that all was clear: there was no boat there. An exclamation of surprise at first escaped him, and the thought, that Paul might have betrayed him, flashed across his mind. But no, he knew Paul too well, had known him from infancy, and never found him guilty of a base thing. He ascended the bank again to rejoin those of his little party, and, surprise upon surprise, they had vanished.

"Foolish boy!" muttered the old man, as the suspicion presented itself to him that La Vincent had voluntarily returned to the prison-house; "he knows not his fate. Hah! yonder, even now, by the gleaming moon, I can see the half-finished gallows that the workmen were raising to-day, looming up against the silvered sky, and polluting the free air of heaven with its tainted form. And what, what will become of her, who has based all her hopes, all her fondest expectations, upon him! Silly, silly boy! to run back in the trap from

which he had once been rescued. But he must not and shall not die; and perhaps even now I may overtake him," said the old man energetically, at the same time rushing forwards.

Scarcely however had he proceeded a dozen yards when the patrol, having finished the rounds, and again on its way back to the barracks near by the fort, dashed round a corner, and into the street, within ten feet of where Lowe was standing. To move would have been inevitable detection, and the old man drew himself close up against the wall of the building, (his only alternative,) relying upon the hurry of the soldiers to get back to the beds they had left, as his only chance of escaping observation.

The patrol dashed by, thundering over the bridge till beyond hearing, and the old man was just congratulating himself upon his fortunate and hair-breadth escape, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice at his ear said, "Englishman, you are my prisoner." He turned, and the Schout (or sheriff) stood beside him.

"But what if I will not go with thee," pleasantly suggested Lowe, assuming the calm forbearing and language of the Friends, who were then driven hither and thither, and persecuted to the death, "thou wouldst not, being a man of war and might, push me even unto the detaining me from a lawful calling."

"Holloa, ter tuyvel!" exclaimed the Schout, "what have we here? a poor drivelling Qua-

ker; perhaps Edmundson, or even George Fox himself?" and giving the supposed Quaker a buffet or push, the Schout left him, and betook himself on his way in search of the real Englishman, who he little dreamed was the man then before him, personifying the Quaker.

De Schout, however, had not gone far on his journey when a heavy hand was in turn laid upon his shoulder, and the Quaker was at his side. "Friend," said he, "though I may be even as thou sayest, one Edmundson, or a certain George Fox, yet will I not suffer the indignity thou hast just offered me, without complaint." "Hoof! you won't, eh!" said the Schout; "well then I'll give you something to drivel about;" and drawing his hand back, he struck Lowe with the open palm across the face. "There! Friend Quaker, take that for your supper, and next text, saying, 'He smote them with a rod of iron.'"

"Verily," replied Lowe, "I shall neither take that for my text, nor shall I sup on the blow which thee has dealt me, being a peaceable man and unable to return thee the same coin, which showeth thee to be one of little valour in striking a man of peace, but lest thy unruly temper and overflowing courage should lead thee into some fracas, meeting with one who will return thee knocks for knocks, whereby thou mightst be worsted, and peradventure sorely smitten in the combat, I will even, friend, by God, (his hand was on the Schout's throat with an iron grasp) bind thee damned cowardly arms for thee and 'clap' a comfortable 'stop-

per upon thy mouth, lest peradventure thee takes cold in the night air."

The struggling Schout, made an effort to free himself from the Friend's grasp, but a deadly clutch was upon his throat which prevented noise and soon terminated the contest. Releasing his hold, when the Schout ceased to move, the unfortunate man fell heavily over, when Lowe, drawing some cords from his pocket, and placing a knee upon his back, fastened the hands behind with a tight knot, then taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he put an effectual gag in the poor fellow's mouth, but not before some returning signs of life evinced that his prisoner was not really dead. Rolling him over where he would not be discovered till the morning, he left him with the parting admonition, "Friend, when thee next meets one of my friendly calling; before thee attempts to molest him, first ask if peradventure his name be not Ephraim Lowe." Thus saying he turned towards the Stadt Huys, when a new difficulty sprung up in the shape of three men, who appeared at a little distance to be watching his movements.

"Pish," impatiently exclaimed the Admiral, dropping to the ground for concealment, "these sleepy Mynheers appear to be all abroad to-night, instead of snoring away by the side of their 'goede vrouws,' and dreaming about long pipes and Virginia tobacco, but the devils have seen me and are coming this way, so I may as well meet them."

The three persons now carefully approached

the spot where mighty Ephraim was standing until so near that he easily recognised the form of Paul Spleutcher. "Hah!" muttered the Admiral, fiercely, "the hound has betrayed me and is putting them on the scent, but he should have brought more than two, to take Ephraim Lowe." By this time the whole party had approached so near as to be perfectly distinguishable, when instead of two myrmidons of the law, as he had supposed, the old man saw with joy, La Vincent and the captive sentry.

"Hoghch! yer honour," said Paul, cutting a very unphilosophical capriole in the air, "I was afraid lest them divils patrowls had nabbed yees, and was jist recoitering to pursave, so I was." "Ah, Paul," replied the Admiral, "I have been doing you a great injustice, for I feared you had been playing traitor, but how has this happened?"

While they again proceeded, but in the direction of dame Bonny's, honest Paul, related to the Admiral, how he had seen the patrol returning towards the fort and fearing lest they should suddenly come upon the fugitives, he had run with great speed by a bye-way to warn them of their danger, but had not time to go under the bridge and admonish him, which explained why, when Lowe again ascended the bank, he found his party had vanished; "but," concluded Paul, having finished his relation, "as to being a traitur, Paul Spleutcher nivur, was iducated to it." "No, Paul," replied his auditor, "you are 'as honest as the day is long.'"

The little party were now wending their way

along the Here-Graft, when from a jutting angle of the buildings, where she had been deposited for safety by Paul, stepped forth Elvellynne De Montford. In a moment more she was in — we shall not say, gentle reader, where she was, but a loud smack, ringing fairly along the trottoir, told the Admiral, who was leading, that the lovers were not very far apart.

Love is a strange thing, a very strange thing, gentle reader, and very like unto a pump-kin, which rolling down a hill, doth not know that it gathers velocity but to its own ruin, and will *smash*, notwithstanding Mr. Webster's authority to the contrary, against the rock at the bottom. It was so in the present instance; for no sooner did Elvellynne make her appearance, than "Sleepy Jim" made his disappearance, not having one to guide his way; for La Vincent, who had held guard over him, had eyes but for one; and had it not been for Paul, the captive would probably have escaped. However, Paul seized him in the very act, as he had really, upon deliberation, concluded that the present was a favourable time for him to make an honourable retreat; and was fairly pulling out his pipe preparatory to taking that step. A few steps brought them to Dame Bonny's, where, to the Admiral's surprise, nothing was to be seen of his boat, which should have been at the bridge below.

CHAPTER IV.

It was now nearly day-light as the few first glimmering streaks in the east announced; and the Admiral, with a hasty step, entered the dame's to ascertain if possible any thing about the absent boat. A few sturdy strokes soon brought the dame bustling into the little tap-room, light in hand, 'benightgowned,' and 'benightcapped.' "Hist, hist, for the love of God, hist admiral, an ye would not have the devils upon ye," said she, raising her finger. "'Why, what is the matter dame?'" rejoined he. "Matter enough, an you be not sparing of such thumps as you, just gave, you will have de Hoofd Schout with his whole gang, who are waiting without, upon ye." This was startling intelligence. "But the boat, dame?" composedly asked Lowe, "the boat!" and Jacques, do you know anything of them; they have failed us now, when we should be beyond the south end of Long Island." "They've got your boat, admiral, and poor Jacques, too, who fought like a tiger with all the crew," answered the dame. "Taken my boat," repeated the Admiral; "who has taken my boat?"

"Why, de Hoofd Schout and his gang, and they are now waiting outside, watching for you." Here the dame briefly related to the Admiral, that shortly after he left with Elvellynne and Paul, and before Jacques had

started, while about getting the men in the boat, the Hoofd Schout, with a dozen soldiers, had made his appearance, and seized upon the boat, together with the men, as they were about embarking. "Ooch, oogh! 'twas thim same divils of spalpanes that we see pass as we were lyin in the crook of the fence," interrupted Paul, as he remembered the Hoofd Schout and his gang passing them shortly after they had left the dame's. Dame Bonny proceeded with her narration, and the gray streaks in the east already began to illumine the little apartment through the chinks of the wide window before she had concluded, which hardly had she done, when a great noise was made about the door, as if people were endeavouring to force it. "It is the Hoofd Schout," muttered the dame, "with a half score of soldiers at his back." The Admiral walked softly towards the door, and having seen that it was well barred, requested the dame to stand by it for a few moments, and if perchance the bar should be raised, to replace it, while he, with Paul, La Vincent, and Elvellynne retired into the little room where we first saw him, and which adjoined the one which was now besieged, but directly on the other side of the house. Here, without any words, Lowe stripped from La Vincent his uniform and silk stockings, and taking from the wall (which was hung round with old garments, probably those of the dame's quondam, "good man;") an old coat, leather breeches, pair of blue worsted stockings, broad brimmed Dutch hat, and clogs, he

bade him put them on with all haste, which being done, he gave a few brief directions to Paul, and desired La Vincent to follow him out of the house ; and when once out, to run for the market place, and mix with the crowd, which would be pretty dense at this hour of the morning, with people of all descriptions from the country and farms outside, bringing in their poultry and produce of all sorts. At the same time he warned La Vincent, if separated from Paul, to return to the dame's by night fall if he could with safety. Taking his way through the back part of the house, followed by La Vincent, who was now not only willing but anxious to escape, Paul descended to the cellar below, and pulling away two or three old boards, disclosed a small window looking out on the Here-Graft. Through this he crept, followed by his comrade, and without discovery emerged into the public street. A few minutes brought them to the market-place, where, without discovery, they mingled with the crowd. Meanwhile the Admiral was not idle. The dame had kept the door good till the fugitives were clear, when she resigned her post to the Admiral, which scarcely had she done, than a sudden pressure forced the frail barricade, and disclosed to the pirate the whole gang of besiegers. With a waive of his hand he kept them back for a moment, when the cry of, " There he is, there he is, there's the English spy, seize him, seize him," was raised, and a rush was made forwards. The old man stepped out on the little stoop,

and finding that force was the only argument which would be listened to, he very deliberately took each one as he advanced by the collar of the coat, and lifted him over the low railing which guarded either side. At this juncture a great clattering of feet and ringing of arms attracted the attention of both besiegers and besieged, when round the corner of the Here-Graft came bounding a man, his clothes tattered and rent, his mouth foaming, and tongue lolling with fatigue, and his person here and there bespattered with blood, and bearing the marks of a severe fray. At his heels followed two of the soldiery with lowered muskets and fixed bayonets. Panting and almost exhausted with fatigue, the pursued man made straight for Dame Bonny's little stoop, around which was collected the band we have already seen, and with a fierce bound passed through the astonished assailants, and stood by the admiral. It was Jacques. He slipped within the apartment; and before the crowd had recovered their astonishment, and while they were listening to the recital of the two soldiers, the Admiral also stepped within and quietly closed the door. Taking a glass of good strong Hollands, which was administered by the dame's own hand; and having recovered breath, Jacques briefly related to the Admiral, who was standing with his back braced against the door by way of a bar, his capture by the Hoofd Schout, and subsequent escape.

It appeared from his disclosure, that after

their capture, he, with the three other seamen, were marched to the barracks under a guard, while the boat was taken to the fort and secured.

When arrived at the barracks, they were placed under a guard of only two soldiers, (the same we have just seen,) till the Governor should rise in the morning, when they were to be conducted before him as suspected spies.

"Seeing as how," continued Jacques, "the sojers was but two, and we four, we made a rush at them, tumbled them over, and then made sail. Long Bill, Tom, and Mike jumped into a country craft that lay alongside, and shoving off, got up the sail, and stood across the harbour; while the damned sojers headed me up so close, that I could not weather um, and so bore away for the dame's."

"Well, Jacques, you have done bravely; but where, do you think, Bill and the rest are?"

"Aboard the Merry Christmas, sir, by this time, for they had a fine slant of wind," replied Jacques.

At this time, a cry was heard from the adjoining room, where Elvellynne had been left to stand guard over Sleepy Jim. The Admiral jumped from his station, which was immediately occupied by Jacques, and rushed to the room. The sentry was standing in the centre of the floor, with the pistol, which in an unguarded moment he had wrested from Elvellynne, and which he presented at the Admiral as he entered. "Stand, sir spy," said he, "or I fire." The old man resolutely advanced, and as "Sleepy Jim" levelled the weapon And

fired, the slight hand of Elvellynne De Montford, knocked up the aim, and the ball passed harmlessly over his head, lodging in the ceiling beyond.

"Well done, my brave girl, well done," shouted the Admiral, "you are worthy of your lineage."

Sleepy Jim was now effectually secured with cords, and the Admiral hurried to the assistance of Jacques who swore he could not much longer hold out against the damned sojers.

In this emergency the dame cried out, "The rum hole! Admiral, to the rum hole! while I keep the door."

"Ha! you have it, dame," said the old man, who was then turning over his resources for some loop-hole of escape,— "you have it!" and calling Elvellynne, with Jacques, he disappeared by the same passage which Paul had taken before.

Meanwhile the dame commenced a parley with those outside. "Good people," said she; "why do you molest a lone woman at this hour of the day." "We want the spy, the Englishman," roared the crowd. "There is no spy here, Mynheer Hoofd Schout," returned she, "but if you mean those who were but just here they are passed out by a window into the Here Graft."

This the dame knew to be a thumper, but she thought that the emergency warranted this little deviation from truth and would give the Admiral full time to get beyond pursuit. With

a whoop and halloo, the assailants left the door, and ran around the house ; but here there were no spies to be seen.

Enraged they returned and demanded of the dame why she had misled them, and commanded her to unbar the door.

"I tell you, they are gone by the window," reiterated the dame ; "but if you will not give me credit, let me but have time to don such raiment as it is beseeming a lone woman like me should wear, and not appear in this undress, which your violence caused me to come forth from my bed in."

The mob assented, and the dame, hastily throwing a loose gown over her shoulders, again returned and unbarred the door.

The soldiers rushed in, and fell to ransacking the house, in which search they found their captive comrade lying bound in the little room.

But to return to the Admiral. Acting upon the dame's suggestion, he led Elvellynne and Jacques through the inner apartments of the house, and descended a stairway to the cellar below. The rum hole which the dame had mentioned was a secret passage, or small vault, constructed in by-gone years, and used by the smugglers to conceal their goods, arms, and naval stores. The entrance to it was by means of a large flat stone, so set in the stone wall of the cellar, as to appear to be a "part and parcel" of it. This stone turned upon a large pivot, and could only be opened by a spring, which was directly on the opposite side of the cellar. It was many years since the

Admiral had visited this recess, and he had forgotten the exact spot where the spring which could give him entrance was to be found. Searching round the half-lighted cellar, he tried twenty different spots, but without success; and when the soldiery had entered the house, he had not yet found it. The noise of feet was becoming more and more distinct, and the Admiral, seizing a heavy stick, was preparing to dispute the stair-way, if any one should try it, when Jacques, more fortunate than his commander, in trying various places, at length hit upon the right one, and the heavy stone door flew open with a loud crack.

Entering the passage, they closed after them the door, and a hundred yards brought them to a short flight of stone steps, which having descended, the Admiral struck a light, and applied the blaze to a lamp standing on the table, which lamp had probably not been lit before in a long series of years, but which was always left where he had found it, with a can of oil by its side, ready to be used in any emergency like the present.

The feeble light disclosed a small apartment shut in by stone walls and piled up on either side with barrels, pipes, and hogsheads. In the centre stood a table on which was the lamp, and around the table some deal benches. From one of the barrels Jacques drew some Hollands and bathed the wounds which he had received from the soldiers' bayonets, one of which, in the shoulder, was quite severe, and bled profusely. The poor fellow was in great

agony, and Elvellynne, with a slight knowledge of those matters, though little used to the sight of blood, undertook to relieve him. With her scarf she staunched the wound, and soon bound it up very comfortably in a handkerchief. The poor fellow was quite relieved, and thanked her in his rude, though honest speech, with a grateful heart.

The soldiery, after searching the upper part of the house, descended to the cellar a few seconds after the fugitives had discovered the obstinate spring. Finding nothing there but casks of good Hollands, they again ascended to the tap-room, where was Dame Bonny turning an honest penny by dealing out her good things to no less a personage than the burly Hoofd Schout himself, who was conversing with "Sleepy Jim" about the occurrences of the night. "Sleepy Jim" related the adventure of the fort, and also that the man who had rescued the prisoner called himself Ephraim Lowe.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the Hoofd Schout, with a self-satisfied air, at the same time sipping a little of the dame's renowned Hollands, and smacking his lips with much gusto; "that renowned pirate and freebooter knows too much to thrust himself in such a trap: but 'by the great boot,' dame, this Hollands is of good stuff, and opportunely come by." "Ah, yes, sir," languidly replied the dame, not understanding her worthy customer's meaning, "honestly enough come by; but the excises are so very high that a poor lone woman like myself can

hardly make an honest penny now." The burly magistrate shrugged his plump shoulders, and looked at the dame with the self-conceited look of small people, as much as to say, "I know, dame, all about it," but made no reply other than by thrusting forwards his glass to be replenished, and turning to "Sleepy Jim," laughed at him for believing that Ephraim Lowe, for whose head a reward was offered, had been so madly foolish as to thrust himself within the city walls. "No, no," continued this "little great" personage, "Ephraim Lowe knows me, Bartus Spooturken, too well to put himself within my reach, for I should nab him within a half hour of his landing."

The reader will very readily infer from the above, that Mynheer Bartus Spooturken was an exceedingly brave and valiant man; but, on the contrary, while uttering the above sonorous bravado, this worthy limb of the law was inwardly turning over in his mind how he might best excuse himself from the duties of his post in case that notable pirate should chance to come within the city, and where he might best bestow himself to be beyond the reach of that terrible rover's arm. He generally (as we have just seen him) found some excuse for dallying behind in any dangerous enterprize, leaving his men to bear the brunt of the battle, but always coming in about the time that any fracas was over and the prisoners secured, to claim the lion's share of booty and renown. But the valiant magistrate (and we thank him much) really did us a very "good turn," insomuch as he laughed Sleepy

Jim out of his belief that Ephraim Lowe was in the city, for had it been breathed, had such a suspicion been yelped by the vilest cur in the street, there would have been such a rigorous search set afoot, that no corner or cranny could have concealed our friend, and thus the pirate being taken, our story would have been abruptly cut off here. However, Sleepy Jim was laughed at and ridiculed by his superiors and inferiors for saying that he had had the honour of standing face to face with the rover, and after a little while was whipped into the belief that it was all a dream, and so sat him down, drew out his pipe, and resolved to forget the whole matter. After a fruitless search the soldiery left the house, and once more Dame Bonny's little hostelry was tranquil.

The sun was well up in the eastern board when Peter and Augustus, the two slaves with whom our story opened, were again engaged before Alderman Von Brooter's house, sweeping the trottoir, but unmolested by the boy who had before caused so much mischief. The black imp was seated at a little distance in the yard on a plot of grass, endeavouring very earnestly to set the old house-cat and Elvellynne's little spaniel by the ears, one of which he held by the throat in either hand. "Gosh, uncle 'Guss," said black Peter, "what a debble fuss; here Missey Evvy gone, Capp'n Vinsunt in prison and gwyin to be hanged, as Massa says, and Massa Allerman hesef mos crazy,—Gosh, uncle 'Guss, vat you tinks bout um?"

It was indeed as black Peter had stated, for

the alderman was very much troubled about the disappearance of his ward. She had entered his house mysteriously, and had as strangely disappeared. One after another the household domestics were summoned and catechized, but none, not even Eugenié Vallanse, her tire-woman, knew any thing about her departure or where she was to be found. At length, wearied with inquiries, the good alderman, taking his broad-brimmed hat and cane, sallied forth in the direction of the prison-house, thinking it possible that in her grief and overwrought state of mind, Elvellynne might have sought access to the prisoner. The kind-hearted burgher's countenance lighted up with a faint smile at the thought, and with renewed energy he bent his way to the Stadt Huys.

Here, however, he gained no information, save that the prisoner had escaped, and the devil flown away with "Sleepy Jim." Trifling, however, as this might seem, the honest man at once drew a good augury from it, connecting, somehow or other, La Vincent's escape with Elvellynne's disappearance, and surmising that the maiden had a hand in the prisoner's abduction.

When the court met at nine o'clock, to pass sentence of death on the spy, he was gone.

The day passed over in great commotion, as a report had been circulated that a British fleet was outside, waiting below for a fair wind to come up and bombard the city. This report originated in the exaggerated story of some fishermen, who had seen two vessels, the Grey-

hound and Merry Christmas at anchor, but not within sight of each other. At last the day wore away, and no British were to be seen, so the quiet burghers very pleasantly laid by the old muskets which they had shouldered all day, strutting up and down, like so many pen-guins, and betook themselves to the never-failing pipes, sitting on their pleasant little stoopes, and conversing across the way; one recounting to his neighbour how many of the British he would have killed, if *they had come!* while his auditor listened, in astonishment, at the recital of his neighbour's valour. At length the day declined, and once more night assumed her sway.

Dame Bonny's little tap-room was crowded with its usual compliment of idlers, taking their quantum sufficit of Schnaps, and discussing the stirring topics of the day. As the evening wore away, one by one, these dropped off, until, at the ringing of the great bell at the fort, those who remained rose, en masse, and turned them towards home. It was then considered a dissipated life to be out of bed beyond nine of the clock. At a later hour, perhaps midnight, or a little after, two figures were sitting in the little tap-room which the idlers had vacated, and appeared much interested in a conversation which was carried on solely between themselves, and in a low under-tone of voice. One of these was an elderly man, dressed in a uniform, and wearing side-arms; the other wore the garb of a common sailor, which, in some places, was much soiled and stained with

blood. A slight tapping at the door disturbed the colloquy, and both jumped from their seats. The elderly man laid his hand on the sword by his side, while he of the soiled garment crept cautiously forward, to reconnoitre through a small chink in the shutter. Satisfied with his inspection, the sailor opened the door, and the new comer appeared:—it was Paulus Spleutcher, but he was alone. The elderly man, whom the reader will readily recognize as Admiral Lowe, at once addressed him.

“Well, Paul, where is the young man?”

“Oo’ns, yer honour,” replied that worthy; “an’ it’s not Paulus Spleutcher can tell yee’s. The gallant left me about the night-falling, and the divil a bit of him has Paul sane since yer honour.” The Admiral’s countenance fell, and he continued interrogating Paul.

“But what has detained you so long, Paul? Why did you not return before and tell me of this, when it might have been possible to find the youth?”

“Ah!” replied Paul, “yees might have sarched and sarched agin, but if ye did not know the city betthur than Paul, ye wud nivur have found the lad—for aint it Paul Spleutcher his own self, has been huntin since the sun-fall, and yet has not laid eyes upon the same.”

The Admiral could not divine what had become of La Vincent, and after thinking over all the misfortunes which might have befallen him, at length sat him down, determined to abide by the issue, and wait till the approach of morning, at which time, if La Vincent did not

return, he would leave the city with Elvellynne, till the present commotion was over, and then return with the possibility of effecting something in the young officer's behalf, which he saw would, at present, be impracticable, as Paul had already disclosed the unwelcome intelligence, that on account of the rumors abroad, the guard had been increased and sentries doubled, all over the city. The old man at first feared lest La Vincent might have fallen in with some one of these strolling parties and been re-captured, but then, he remembered the disguise with which he himself had endued him, and smiled at the thought of any one's recognizing in the simple-looking Dutch lad, the person of the dashing young officer. Paul related the incidents of the day, and was, in turn, gratified with the recital of all that had occurred at the dame's, since his departure in the morning. The three now sat down, and passed two hours in planning, discussing, suggesting, reflecting, and all those thousand minutiae, which present themselves to a mind labouring under the knowledge of immediate danger, and endeavouring to find some clue by which it may be either entirely avoided, or somewhat diminished.

The Admiral looked at his repeater, and saw that it was after three, and now really began to entertain some doubts concerning the infallibility of the disguise in which he had a little before placed so much reliance.

Another half-hour was passed in doubt, fear, and anxiety, and still La Vincent did not come.

Determined to stand by the young Englishman, in whom he had taken (to Paul,) quite an unaccountable interest, so long as was compatible with his own safety, the Admiral yet delayed, and sent Paul out to find some kind of a boat in which they might all embark and reach the Merry Christmas. The Admiral impatiently paced up and down the room, during Paul's absence, every now and then stopping to listen to the least sound, with the vague hope that the long-expected comer was at hand—but, disappointed, he would again resume his exercise, with some exclamation declaratory of his impatience.

It was at one of these cessations, when the Admiral was listening, and chiding Jacques for interrupting the silence with a slight groan, elicited from the brave fellow by the excruciating torture of his wound, that a step was heard, and then a tap-tapping upon the door. Lowe jumped to the entrance and threw it open, expecting to meet La Vincent, but it was only Paul, returned with an old rickety affair of a boat, which he had picked up somewhere on the canal, and brought along to the dame's.

While standing at the door the Admiral heard a slight plunge in the canal, and saw a dark object moving along on the surface of the water. A moment after, the tall figure of a man rose from the water, and La Vincent stood before him. His clothes were sadly rent and nearly torn from his back and his whole appearance was that of a man who had received severe handling. It appeared that the young

not

Englishman had been mistaken by some of the good town's people for one of their own countryman, against whom they had a private grudge, and had received that treatment which was intended for another. The Admiral could not avoid smiling at his young friend's ludicrous appearance, though he condoled with him and was heartily glad to receive him again safely, in whatever state of nudity he might appear. A few moments sufficed to apparel him in his own clothing which had been left in the morning, for those which had caused the sad mistake, and Elvellynne who had been taking repose in the dame's own room, being awakened, the little party sallied out to the boat. It was half full of water and some little time was necessarily consumed in getting a vessel and bailing it out. At length they embarked and with a silent oar, the Admiral pulled the unwieldy craft down the canal, while Paul with an old board steered. Jacques, who was perfectly crippled by the wound in his shoulder, was stationed in the bow to keep a look out, while Elvellynne and her lover were seated on the after-thwart. So much time had been consumed by the various crosses, vexations, and delays, that it was now nearly daylight, still the Admiral encouraged the hope that they might be able to pass the sentry, who was stationed near the bridge (at the foot of the Here-Graft) under which the boat must pass, before they reached the open bay. The bridge was the same under which his own boat was to have been, the night previous. Silently they

glided along, no one in the boat speaking, till within sight of the above-mentioned bridge. The Admiral turned round and his breath was drawn quickly, as he descried the tall figure of the sentry leaning against a post on the dock and his musket gleaming in the last feeble glimmerings of the faint moon which was now giving way to the broader glare of day, already breaking. They reached the bridge, passed under it, out at the other side, and were already abreast of the soldier. The hearts of our little party beat quickly at this crisis, and the old man would have given ten years of his life (already waning) for his own swift boat with Jacques and her crew at the oars. They glided on, and already entertained the hope that they had passed unperceived and were in safety, when the soldier on the dock hailed, "Who goes there!" There was no reply, and again he hailed. "Come back, or I fire." The Admiral plied his strength with redoubled vigour, (aided by Paulus Spleutcher, who converted his board into a paddle,) and in so doing broke one of the oars in two. The soldier levelled his musket and fired, at the same time La Vincent threw himself before Elvellynne, to avert the danger from her form. The shot passed harmlessly on, burying in the water beyond, and the moment of suspense was over. The remaining oar was transferred to the scull-lock, and the Admiral placing a foot on either gunwale, applied his herculean strength to force the unwieldy fabric through the opposing element.

They steered for the Buttermilk Channel, between what was then called Nutting Island, (now Governor's Island) and Long Island. Already had they proceeded nearly half the way across the harbour, when a government boat, filled with soldiers left the Fort. As it gained rapidly upon them, the old man discerned it astern, and bent to his task. The heavy Dutch-modelled craft rolled and swashed about in the water, but urged by gigantic force, whizzed rapidly with a sharp cutting noise through the foaming liquid, and with a velocity which seemed sufficient to set all pursuit at defiance. But in spite of the old man's exertions, and Elvellynne's prayers, the pursuing boat now began to gain upon them. Still the pirate cherished hopes, for he was perfectly acquainted with the currents, and saw that the pursuers were labouring, through ignorance, with a swift tide, which had already carried them a little to leeward, and which was all lost way to them, while he was floating swiftly along with a race-horse current in his favour. But the odds in numbers and better complement of oars, more than made up the difference, while the rover saw that the strenuous endeavours made on the part of the pursuers, must ere long bring them up with him. Still, with heroic energy the old man swung his only oar with master style, while the fugitives, even Elvellynne included, seconded his exertions with what little assistance they could yield by paddling with their hands. Buttermilk Channel was then never traversed by boats, being nothing more

than a salt-marsh, very much resembling those setting into the land about Harlæm, and a pole set on crotched sticks, offered a means of passage from one island to the other. This pole nearly touched the water at flood-tide, but at ebb-tide was high above it several feet. Though unknown to the good Dutchmen, yet the Admiral was aware of a very deep channel in the centre, sufficiently deep to float a large vessel of moderately light draught. For this passage he steered, and as it was rising water, he found that there was barely room underneath the pole for the boat to pass, while all crouched low in the bottom. The pole, however, proved of some assistance, for Jaques with his sound arm laid hold of it, and urged the boat under, and Paul did the same. So hot was the pursuit, and so anxious the pursued, that even such little trifles appeared of moment.

Lowe looked back with the hopes that the government boat would be so high out of water, as to be unable to pass beneath the crossing pole, which would cause those in her some little delay while they raised it. But no; on she came, and by adopting the expedient of crouching, passed under "all clear," and soon came up within a hundred feet of the chase. Elvellynne turned pale, and La Vincent clasped her hand more closely in his. The hundred feet was diminished to fifty, the fifty to twenty-five, and in another moment the Schout laid his hand on the flying boat. He was the identical personage who had met Lowe on the

night previous, and whom the rover had left on the dock bound hand and foot. "Ha!" said the old man, smiling complacently, "friend, thee is a valiant man, but shouldst not thrust thy hand into another man's pudding, lest thee gettest it burnt;" so saying, he placed the blade of his oar on the bow of the barge, and with a powerful shove, separated the two boats, sending his own whizzing far ahead, at the same time that the barge having lost her momentum, gathered stern-way. But the tenacious Schout retaining his hold, was dragged along overboard, and through the wake of the Admiral's boat. The pirate remitting his toil for a moment, stooped and raised the wet magistrate into his boat, while the soldiery in the barge seeing their leader's misfortune and strange capture, set up a loud shout of defiance, and again came on, but ere they could come up, the Admiral rounded a high point of the island, and the boat shooting around the headland, glided into the smooth water of a beautiful bay, and disclosed to the young Englishman's admiring eyes, the form of a small elegantly-modelled brigantine gracefully floating at her anchor a few boats' lengths beyond. She was of about three hundred and thirty tons burthen, sharp bows, lean buttocks, and her copper about the water line, shone with the lustre of a burnished mirror, as the rays of the rising sun fell upon it.

With the quick discerning eye of a seaman, La Vincent scanned the little vessel from truck to water line, and so interested did he become

in gazing at the beautiful symmetry of her spars, tapering off till their termination could scarcely be determined, the lightness of her top hamper, and delicate tracery of her cordage, scarcely defined against the opposite sky like the gossamer web, floating in the moist sun-lit air of a spring morning, that he became entirely forgetful of their dangerous situation, and insensible to the fact that the boat had become motionless. The old man had ceased his wearisome toil, and was wiping the moisture from his brow, when the pursuing barge poked her bow from behind the point, and shot swiftly a-head. The old man smiled with an appearance of great satisfaction, and raising his hands to his mouth, hailed the brig in a voice of thunder, "Eh, ho! the Merry Christmas a-hoy! man the launch and take that boat." With the despatch of a well-disciplined ship, the loud whistle of the boatswain piped away the "launches," and a large heavy boat shot out from the stern of the brig. But her looks belied her, for no sooner were the oars dropped, than she cut with gathering velocity through the foaming waters and in the direction of the unlucky barge. Too late the men in the government boat saw the trap into which they had been enticed, and after a faint attempt at flight, surrendered to the swift launch which was soon upon them. The old man chuckled at the turning of the tables so successfully, and tapping the crest-fallen Schout on the shoulder, at the same time pointing to the brigantine, jocosely said, friend Schout, that vessel

yonder is verily the one appertaining unto me, how does thee like the 'cut of her jib?' "Der tuyvel," muttered the affrighted Schout, "and you are then really that terrible Ephraim Lowe." "Verily, friend Schout, I am that much slandered man," replied Lowe, "and ere the setting of this day's sun will have thee swinging at the yard-arm yonder, unless peradventure, thou can'st find among thy friends ashore the means to compensate a peaceable man like myself for the blow which thou didst so unadvisedly deal me on the dock yesternight, and for the trouble I have had with thee, inasmuch as with thy vile crew of armed men, thou hast but just put me to great bodily exertion. How does thee like the elevation?" pleasantly continued the pirate, at the same time pointing to the foreyard, which was now directly overhead, "it is even nearer unto heaven than thou mayest ever attain again." The affrighted Schout read in the firing of the old man's flashing eye, the look of determination, and saw that there was no time to jest or doubt, for his captor's blood was up from the exertion he had made, and the red stream was pouring from one of his chafed hands, showing that he had been put to no common effort of that huge strength which had been the means of their deliverance; in fact, the oar which he had used was worn half through, and several times during the flight, Paul had been obliged to dash water on the smoking plank through which the oar passed, to prevent the boat's taking fire.

“Come, Sir Schout,” impatiently asked the old man, “what sayest thou? can thee find ransom, or will thee dangle yonder like a sheep-killing dog.” The poor Schout at first could not answer; but when on the deck of the vessel a halter was rove through a block at the yard-arm; and one end was adjusted round his neck, while the other was held by fifty stout fellows ready to walk away with it, he felt his dangerous proximity to another world; and falling on his knees before the Admiral, while the big tears coursed down his ashy cheeks, begged hard for that life which the meanest and most abject of civilized mortals prizes so highly. “Not if the lives of all the States General were centered in thy one pitiful neck,” answered the old man, still adhering to the quaker phraseology, “would I abate one tittle unless thou canst obtain the sum which I shall name, and that too before night-fall.” “Speak, quickly,” said he; “two thousand Ryders paid down in good gold, and thou art free.” The Schout was silent from fright, and the old man construing his silence as a refusal to comply with his demand, waived his hand as the signal to run him up. At this moment the slight hand of Elvellynne De Montford was laid on the pirate’s shoulder, and with a tearful eye, though awed by his fierce demeanour, the beautiful girl pleaded in behalf of the unfortunate prisoner, and not without success. The stern old man’s countenance relaxed as he gazed on the lovely form before him with a look of fondness; and at a

waive from his hand, the half dead Schout was released from his perilous situation. The brig was got under weigh, and stood for the city ; and in another half hour the barge was dismissed with two of the captured soldiers to demand of the governor the mentioned ransom, " And tell Governor Colve," shouted the admiral, as the boat had proceeded a little distance, " that when he wants an interview with Ephraim Lowe, he must send sailors, and not soldiers to take him." The brig hove to, and in that situation remained to await the return of the barge with the ransom money. About noon the boat was again seen on her return passage with the governor's secretary as setter. The bags of Ryders were hoisted aboard, carefully counted, and one (beyond the sum required,) returned to the Schout, when taking Elvellynne's hand, the affrighted Schout having attempted to return to her his grateful thanks, descended the side with his whole gang ; and entering the barge, shoved off, no doubt glad enough to be fairly clear of his peaceful friend, and resolved no more to molest any of the fraternity, not even should George Fox himself enter the settlement to " prophesy."

The brig filled away once more, and stood for La Vincent's ship, which was at a little distance, and which had been hid from the Merry Christmas only by the jutting point of land. A boat was lowered, and the rover himself stepped in to accompany La Vincent to his vessel ; but the young Englishman de-

"murred, seeing that Elvellynne was to remain behind. She, however, urged him to go, saying, "that every thing was for the best," and appeared to be calm and perfectly composed, while his bosom was tossed with many conflicting emotions at the mysterious separation, and her apparent composure. "Farewell," said he, in a sorrowful tone, as he stepped over the side, "and if, Elvellynne, we never meet more, remember that the deed is yours and not mine, for this heart beats truly and warmly for you, and ever will till cold in death." "Farewell then, Elvellynne, farewell, and a bitter parting it is to me who have so long cherished the fond hopes that you would one day be mine; but, but, Elvellynne, oh Elvellynne," continued he, with a voice almost drowned with the conflicting emotions in his breast, "as you value your peace and hopes of heaven, oh, never, never become this dreadful man's"—he would have said *wife*, but the word was choked in utterance. Affected even to the suppression of speech, Elvellynne would, but could not tell him why she remained; and when sufficiently recovered, her lover was gone. She stood on the deck of the little vessel, and saw through the watery film which yet covered her beautiful eyes, the dim forms of her lover and the Admiral ascending the sloop. Even the rude men around her, so little accustomed to such sights, were strangely moved, and offered the maiden their rough commiserations, though little understanding the cause of her grief. At length Paulus

Splutterer took her passive hand with an air of almost reverence, and led her to the cabin.

Charles La Vincent, though he could not understand the mystery, yet formed the determination to rescue Elvellynne from the bold pirate's hands, and no sooner had the Admiral left the Greyhound, than he ordered the anchor up, and all sail made. This was effected about the time that the Admiral had once more reached his little vessel, and suspecting the young man's intentions, he too made sail, and steered along the eastern side of Long Island in a northerly direction.

It soon became evident that the Greyhound was making chase, for every sail that would draw was crowded on her, till she became a towering mass of canvass. Still it was useless, for the Merry Christmas ranged rapidly a-head, gradually diminishing and diminishing in size, till at night-fall her last sail seemed to sink beneath the ocean.

With a heavy heart La Vincent gave up the chase, and ordered the ship "about" to her old anchorage, as if lingering around the scene of misfortune would bring him some relief.

Retiring to the solitude of his cabin, the young man gave himself up to all the bitterness of despair and disappointed expectations. He thought of the stern but brave old man, who had gained somehow such a mysterious influence over the object of his solicitude, and he thought of that object, of Elvellynne De Montford, she who was to have been his own,—ay,

he did, in the bitterness and maddening goadings of his feelings, picture her to himself as the pirate's bride. But then he reflected, Why, why, if Elvellynne is his object, did he not leave me to suffer that ignominious death, of which he felt so well assured, and which would at once have rid him of a rival.

Agitated by such conflicting thoughts, and endeavouring in some way to account to himself for the proceedings so mysterious throughout, La Vincent passed the night in sleeplessness, pacing up and down the cabin deck. At length he formed the sudden and dangerous resolution to rescue his men, who were yet in the prison-house ; and, thought he, perhaps, in trying to achieve a good, if not a great action, I may fall, and my name be retrieved from the obloquy which now rests upon it, in having suffered myself to be betrayed, and exposed my brave-hearted fellows to the chances of an ignominious death.

Having formed this resolution, La Vincent ascended to the deck with a lighter step, and gave some orders preparatory to his contemplated enterprise. From a country boat he learned that the English prisoners had been offered service in the Dutch navy ; but that having refused, they had all been condemned to death, and were to suffer on the morrow at Bayard's Mount, a high hill, now cut down, but then standing near Centre Market, in present Grand-street.

The day passed as all days of expectation, or "hope deferred," with a sluggish pace.

Still every moment was taken advantage of to accelerate and better the preparations necessary for the hazardous undertaking ; and Captain La Vincent, summoning together his "ship's company," addressed them in a few brief but pointed words. He stated, what was to them before unknown, that he had been made a prisoner while ashore, and had been rescued by a mysterious agency, while the boat's crew were left behind. He concluded by stating that the poor fellows were to be hanged on the morrow, and requested all who would volunteer to put themselves under his guidance, and rescue them, to step to the star-board side. Without an exception, the whole crew of one hundred and forty men stepped forward ; but as he could not take them all, he selected forty from the number, and to them disclosed his plan. All was at last complete, and only waiting the tardy coming of the morrow to be put in operation.

CHAPTER V.

THE story rapidly spread about the town, and was bandied from mouth to mouth, that the notable pirate, Ephraim Lowe, had been even within the city walls. The Schout was looked upon as a very celebrated personage after his adventure, and thousands were the questions put to him by the curious and inquiring citizens. He had first proceeded to the Governor's on coming ashore after the ransom-money was paid, to whom he related his whole adventure, together with his rencontre with the pirate on the night of the prisoner's escape from the prison.

It was now well established that Ephraim Lowe had caused all the mischief, planned and effected the Englishman's escape, carried off the Alderman's ward, killed the watchman, (for the poor fellow had actually died,) and, in short, had a hand in all the mischief which had occurred in the little city of Nieuw Orange since it was first founded by Schippers Adrian Blok and Hendrick Christiaanse, a very striking likeness of which two worthy navigators every family in the settlement boasted the possession, while no two were at all alike. Indeed we have seen thirty-two of these said portraits, and were not aware but that we were gazing upon some mighty relics of Dutch art, in the shape of a portrait gallery, until told by

the owner, a patriotic burgher, who still adheres to the goodly customs of his forefathers, that these were the identical portraits of those renowned colonizers, taken in olden days from life.

One of these, which was very striking, as illustrating the inquiring spirit of the great man for whom it was intended, we remember well, and will here digress a little to delineate with a pen.

The good Schipper was sitting in an old arm chair, with his short, stumpy, fat-looking legs stretched out to their full length, which might have been two feet two inches, or thereabouts; while his feet rested on a deal cricket. His person was goodly, quite filling the chair in which he sat, which was none of the smallest, (as we all know who have seen those sacred relics,) and from either pocket peeped forth two or three pipe-stems and a paper of tobacco. His face was square, and encircled by a huge pair of whiskers; and from between his fat cheeks, which verily seemed to shake on the canvass, (it might have been the wind though, but we did not think of that,) peeped forth two small twinkling eyes.

This picture was taken shortly before the worthy man's death, by one Vanbombeler; for had he lived much longer, we are inclined to think that the said merry-looking cheeks would have so far encroached upon the said twinkling orbs, as to exclude from them entirely the pleasant light of heaven. He was dressed in the old-fashioned way of a dozen breeches, five

or six of which might be seen through the little envious holes which busy time had wrought; and on his head was a broad-brimmed hat, from the upper part of which, by frequent vigorous pullings on, I suppose, when the breeze blew pretty fresh, the rim was nearly separated behind.

The good man, as indicative of his enterprising disposition, was, very knowingly, with head thrown one side, peering into the bowl of a large Dutch pipe, which he grasped with either hand, trying to discern why tobacco would burn in it, while a heap of pebbles which he had thrust into another, and which, by the bye, was lying on a table by his side, would not. But we have digressed again from our story in a sad way, which is not our wont. So to return.

It may be easily imagined by the reader, from the foregoing pages, that Alderman Von Brooter, who listened to all the gossip of the day, was by no means the least interested in the *scandal* in the vague reports so wildly circulated. He knew that his ward had been carried off, but he had heard of her within the half hour of his gossip, as married, dead, buried, alive again, cut up and boiled, in short in all the ways which fame (that liar who "gathers as she goes") could invent. The good burgher at once traced the clue to the labyrinth from which it originated, and was ere long closely closeted with the Schout. From him he learnt the facts of Elvellynne's abduction, and his worst fears for the maiden's welfare were

more than realized. Still the fact that Charles La Vincent was with her appeared to him a consolation. Little did the good man dream that while he was applying this unction to his soul, he was already separated far from her. But hope, that best of all Heaven's blessings, clings to a straw, and the affectionate old man returned homeward with a lightened heart.

It was within half an hour of bell-ringing, or half-past eight, as the alderman trudged steadily along towards his mansion in Princess-street, breasting the damp night-air, which chanced to blow rather chilly from the south-east. At this time there was collected in Dame Bonny's little tap-room an assemblage of persons of all possible trades and ages, and as variously employed. Some were sipping of the dame's good liquors, others regaling themselves with the honest pipe, while quite a number were gathered around a small fire kindled in one corner of the room to dispel the chilly dampness of the night, which was quite unpleasant, though no rain was actually falling. Among this latter number was one to whom we shall give a little attention.

He was an elderly man, dressed in a cloth great-coat, three-cornered hat, and top-boots of fine calf-skin, which latter article of apparel bespoke him as belonging to the wealthier classes, for none but those wore boots of so costly material. His whole air was that of a traveller, for under his arm he held a little bundle, while his dexter hand grasped a very formidable-looking article in the shape of a

walking-stick. Indeed, at this time, he was standing very near the little smoking fire, as if to dry the moisture which his garments had imbibed during a walk, and a goodly-looking citizen was attentively, listening to his account of the doings at Fuyck, alias Albania, alias Albany, and of the reports which had reached that place concerning one Ephraim Lowe's being on the coast.

"Being on the coast, say ye?" interrupted he who had been listening; "why Admiral Lowe has been within the very city, aye, and within these very walls, during the last week."

The traveller started and looked around in evident alarm, as if expecting to see that notable personage; but the other one, seeing his motion, proceeded in a tone of assurance,—“Ah, you need not fear him now, for he has gone, and between you and I,” continued he in a low voice, putting his mouth to the traveller's ear, “I had a hand in driving him off;” and then, in a louder voice, and looking round upon the assembly with a tone of assurance, “yes, I, Bartus Spooturken, Hoofd Schout of the city of Nieuw Orange, did press that bold and wicked man hard in this very room no longer than three nights ago; and had not my foot slipped as I had my hand on his collar, I should certainly have taken him. But he knows me too well ever to return here; so, sir traveller, you need not fear. Ah,” continued the burly magistrate, “if I could only again come within arm's length of this Ephraim Lowe, he should not a second time escape me, the villain,” so saying,

the worthy high sheriff walked across the room with the air of a general who has just gained a battle, and called for a glass of Hollands, while the traveller followed him with admiring eyes, no doubt appreciating him as a man of might and valour.

At this moment the dame entered, and casting her eye around the apartment to see, like a thrifty landlady, who was likely among the assemblage to contribute towards her till, her gaze rested upon the figure of the traveller, and in evident astonishment. The valiant magistrate saw her surprise, and thinking that it was on account of the stranger, busily bustled up and obsequiously informed the dame in a loud tone of voice that the traveller was a friend of his, though not of very long standing, and requested her to extend all civility to him. The dame promised she would, and turned to her duties. Meanwhile the conversation turned upon the morrow and the events which it was destined to fulfil. The traveller all the while seemed gathering new intelligence, and his astonishment evidently increased.

The matter of the spies being executed was duly discussed, and then the conversation turned upon a more engrossing topic, to understand which, it is necessary here to dilate a little upon the ancient customs of the towne. From the foundation of the towne, it had always been the custom among the trades-people and artisans, to seize the opportunity of any holiday or festival-making, for the purpose of exercising themselves in games and feats of

strength and agility. In process of time, bickerings and jealousies sprung up, and from acting in unison they split into two parties, and at the time we write of were arrayed against each other in bitter hostility.

This hostility was by no means ameliorated from the fact that the prize had always been carried off by one party, while the other always suffered the disgrace, and laboured under the ignominy of defeat. Of course, the animosity waxed warmer and warmer, till, at the present time, it was fairly at its height.

The party which had always been victorious, was called the Vly, or Fly-men, from the fact that their residence was without the Water Poort, (or water-gate,) at what was then styled the Smit's Vly. The champion of this party, who was considered the strongest man in the colony, and who always bore off the palm, was one Watson Sledger, a blacksmith, or, as he was commonly styled, 'Wat of the sledge.' He was a man of gigantic stature and well-proportioned, and from the constant use of the heavy hammers which he plied to perfect the niceties of his art, his naturally brawny arms had become very large and muscular, while their natural covering had assumed nearly the colour of the smoke from his furnace.

The other party, which always had suffered the disgrace of being worsted, was called the Wall Party, (or Wall-men,) from their living within the walls of the city. Their champion was the miller, he of the dusty coat, and was

called 'Rob o' the mill.' He was a well-built, merry-faced looking Dutchman—that is, when you could get a glimpse of his face, which was no easy matter to do through the flour-dust, and other marks of his trade which he always carried about with him. He was a man of goodly proportions too, but not so large as Wat o' the sledge ; still, in the feats of strength which he was selected to try with Wat, he very nearly equalled him.

Rob had been the champion of the Wall-men for the last four years, but unfortunately for him and his party, had always been unwell just at the time of the trial, with a sore hand, strained shoulder, or some other ailment, which in a manner incapacitated him, while his antagonist had always been in the full glow of vigorous health.

Having made this little explanation, we will take up our regular story where we last left it.

The traveller, who seemed to have a taste for all kinds of information, now that the hanging gossip had dropped, was attentively listening to the new-broached subject with equal appearances of satisfaction and curiosity, sometimes gratifying the latter by putting a question or two to some one or other of the speakers. The conversation went on, and the praise was all on one side—in favour, too, of the Wall-men—as only members interested on one side were present, while scandal and vituperation of the absent party was profuse.

"I say, Mynheer Spooturken," said one who was standing near the fire by the traveller, and

addressing himself to the Hoofd Schout, "you mean, of course, to be present at the match to-morrow, which is to be played between Wat o' the sledge and Rob o' the mill?"

"Ay, that do I," replied that dignitary, "for I suppose I must e'en be present in my official capacity," said he, bristling up his little square figure to its full height, "to suppress any mobs or violence which might grow out of this said match; but, an I was only the man I used to be a score of years back, (here the worthy man laid down his glass of Hollands,) I would not suffer the indignities put upon us by these Vlymen, nor should they carry off the palm of victory longer, for by the good Saint Nicholas, this bragging, windy-mouthed Wat o' the sledge should find there was yet one man of metal to be dealt with, and (in a lower voice) one that he would not wish the handling of, more than once."

"Ay, truly, Mynheer Spooturken," continued he who had first addressed him, willing to conciliate a man of so great importance as the Hoofd Schout, "I have some recollections of hearing of sundry of your feats, which showed you to be even a man of bone and sinew, but that was before you left the good old city of Amsterdam, and, as you say, a score of years or so the younger."

Now the truth was, that this honest toad-eater had never heard any such thing, and knew that the valiant Bartus was uttering a lie as big as his belly, at the very time, but he had a son, who, disdaining the phlegmatic apa-

thy of the stock from which he had sprung, was the pest of the whole city, careering around the streets at night, robbing all the good burgher's hen-roosts, and kissing all their pretty daughters, 'will they nil they.' It was in behalf of this dutiful youth that the father had thus seconded Bartus' thumper, hoping that, in requital, the good magistrate would sometime look with lenient eye upon the nightly scape-grace deeds of his promising offspring. The traveller again looked upon Mynheer Bartus with admiring eyes, as that functionary, taking up his glass, replied,

"Ay, I dare say you might have heard something of those little feats, friend Brevoort, for I was a known man in those days, but that, (said he, stroking down his portly stomach, which stood out before him like a beer-barrel, entirely hiding his feet from his own observation,) that was before this cursed climate got into my stomach, and took from the goodly proportions I then had."

"Took from!" muttered a waggish-looking chap at the traveller's elbow, "I should rather think you meant added to."

In this way the conversation proceeded till every thing had been touched upon, and the traveller, who as it has been said before was by no means a listless listener, deduced the following inferences; that there was to be on the morrow a merry-making, that four sailors were to be hung on Bayard's Mount, that there was to be a trial of skill between the two champions, that the valiant and worthy Bartus Spooturken,

Hoofd Schout of the town of Nieuw Orange, was to honour the festivity with his presence ; and furthermore, the viator inwardly determined that he also would be present and witness how the champions conducted themselves, "and mayhap," muttered he to himself as he laid down the little bundle which he had till now held under his arm and grasped his stick with a firmer gripe, "mayhap I may chance to meet this worthy man, this Bartus Spooturken, alone and without witnesses. I would such were my fortune, for I have even a little account with this magistrate which must be balanced."

The reader will perhaps, already infer, that the traveller was an honest tradesman come down from Albania, to add something to his barren shelves, wherewith to delight the comely damsels of his town, or may make some other inference, (the devil only knows what,) but with all due deference, we advise ye, come to no sudden conclusion, lest ye mistake. On the morrow shall the traveller be duly introduced. As the bell in the fort swung forth its noisy peals the company dispersed and the Hoofd Schout, stepping to the traveller, tendered him an invitation to be present at the execution, and festivities on the coming day, and turning to the dame, requested her to be careful of the stranger, then putting on his short cloak, pulling his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, and lighting his pipe, he too sallied forth with a vigorous step to encounter the sour blast of the night. A few moments after, the magistrate (who was the last of the company to tar-

ry) had departed, Paul Spleutcher entered from the street leading along with him a female wrapped in a hood. As she stepped within the apartment, she gaily flung off the cumbersome mantle which had served the double purpose of protection from the night air, and discovery; and stepped forth from the folds of the garment which had fallen at her feet as pretty a lassie, Paul thought, as he had seen in many a long day. She was rather tall, blond complexion, dark hair, and dark eyes, and her smile seemed the personification of good nature and a sweet temper. She was accosted by the dame, at once, as an old acquaintance. "Ah, Mistress Eugénié, I thought you would soon be following your sweet young mistress, but mind and keep a good eye on that Paul," said the old dame, jocosely, "for he is a roguish fellow."

"Monsieur Paul," returned the damsel, "est il? Ah, no, I tink Monsieur Paul to be veritablement un homme d'honneur." "By my soul, Miss Eugany, an its there ye'r right, Paul's jist the by for yees." "Oui, oui, yes, yes," replied Eugénié, not exactly understanding what had been said, but with true French tact making some reply, "c'est vrai je puis bien vous assurer." The dame smiled, as did the traveller, and the French girl, as if entirely conscious of the ways of the good woman's little domicile, passed through the tap-room and on to the apartment beyond. "Well Paul," said the dame, "you have succeeded in getting the girl, but didn't she demur to come with you alone,

and at this hour of the night?" "Och, no, Misthress Bonny," replied Paul, "Miss Eugany and I's had many a bit word thegither, and didn't she say herself, that Paul was the by (boy) for her." "Did you tell her where Miss Elvellynne is, Paul?" asked the dame. "The divil a bit did I, Mistress Bonny, for fare she might be frightened, I ownly towld her that Miss Elvellynne had bd me bring her by the same towken that she give me a bit of a letther to deliver, which I did give my own self to Miss Eugany." "And you had no difficulty then at all?" replied Mrs. Bonny. "Divil a bit did I," knowingly, replied Paul, "barrin a bit of a slap, which she give me in return for a bit of a buss which I stowl from her rowsey chake as I was lifthin her over the Alderman's fence thinking to pay myself for my thruble."

To explain Paul's sudden appearance, it is necessary to go back a little. When La Vincent had given chase to the Merry Christmas for the purpose of rescuing Elvellynne from the pirate's hands, it will be remembered that the brigantine outsailed him, and that ere nightfall he was obliged to give up the pursuit as hopeless, and sail back to his old anchorage, from which point he was determined to start with the forlorn hope of rescuing the four men who had been captured with him. No sooner had the Greyhound "gone about," than the Merry Christmas performed the same evolution, thereby exactly reversing the position of the two vessels, the one which had pursued now appearing to fly while the pursued seemingly in turn gave

chase.* The night, which was just falling, favoured this manœuvre, and long ere the Greyhound had reached her old anchorage, the Merry Christmas, from superior sailing, had run in and dropped anchor in the little bay, (exactly where we first saw her) memorable from the capture of the government boat with the luckless Schout. From this point, at Elvelynn's suggestion, the Admiral had despatched Paul with her instructions to bring off her tire-woman, Eugénie Vallanse, which he effected without much trouble, and it was her whom we have but just seen in the dame's little tap-room. After the maid's disappearance, the traveller soon made a similar move, and ere long the house was in silence.

The night had become quite stormy and the wind swept howling around the angles of the buildings in hollow blasts, bearing along on its breath, the quick pattering rain. The streets were deserted for the more comfortable fire-side, and not even the uncertain foot-step of dissipation's votary, wending his way to some haunt of revelry, was abroad. It was during a hard blast, that moaned piteously as it rattled the big drops against the windows, that a figure, carefully opening the door of the dame's little tap-room, issued forth, and sped with a swift but noiseless step along the Here-Graft. It was the traveller. Arrived within the vicinity of the fort, he crept cautiously forward, within a few feet of the sentinel, whose measured foot-fall he could distinctly hear, while the dashing rain and misty darkness precluded

all possibility of seeing or being seen. Crawling along carefully, the traveller passed the fort and proceeded down the sloping plot of grass between it and the river. This was soon cleared, and he reached the water. Here, he raised himself erect, and tried to peer through the all-pervading darkness, which he seemed to effect, for again crouching, he altered his course and was soon by a post to which was attached a boat. Into this he stepped, and taking a large knife from his pocket, applied it to the painter. Instead of separating, it only yielded a harsh grating noise. It was chain. The traveller uttered an exclamation of impatience and vexation, and winding a turn or two of the chain around both hands, with a sudden effort he snapped it in twain. It gave forth a clanking noise, which was prevented reaching the sentry's ears by the swashing of the agitated waters, and the traveller seizing an oar shoved off amid the darkness of the boiling current.

An hour elapsed and the same figure was again gliding along the Here-Graft, in the direction of the dame's. He reached the door and entered; there we shall leave him for a few hours to enjoy the sweets of repose, till the morrow again brings him into notice.

At nine of the clock in the forenoon the prisoners were to be executed. What were the feelings of the four seamen, through this dreary night we shall not attempt to depict. Suffice it to say, that the night at last waned, and the glimmerings of the morn stealing into their cells, and faintly lighting up the damp slimy

walls, announced to them that their hour was near. The keeper entered with some coarse food, it was the last they were ever to partake of. What a thought! But the stout-hearted sons of Neptune were either unconscious or insensible of their dreadful situation, as the following short scene will sufficiently confirm.

I say, "old Dutchman," said a tall fine-looking whiskered Englishman, "good morning to your night-cap," addressing himself to the keeper, who was almost as much frightened as if himself was to be executed instead of the merry-faced seamen, now quizzing him, "how's the old ooman, eh?" "Damn my top-lights, old Dutchy," said a second, who was sitting on a bench swinging his legs and spitting at a mark, "you must turn out devilish early in these parts, what do you think of the weather, old boy, eh?" "Halloo there, you son of a pot-slewer, cried a third, very innocently converting the keeper's hat (which he had put down) into a spit-box, "clap your helm a-weather and stand this way, till I get a sight of your damned ugly mug. Blow me, if I ai'n't a mind to eat you instead of this dirty mush." The fourth, a roguish-looking chap, very seriously proposed to his ship-mates to strip the poor keeper, seize him up, and give him a dozen with their knife lanyards, laid up together. This in fact, they were about to do, when the guard arriving to conduct them to the place of execution, prevented their giving Mynheer (as they said) a taste of man o' war discipline. Slowly the unfortunate seamen were marched

along through the gate, and on the Bouwery road, under a guard of twenty soldiers.

Meanwhile as day dawned, and as soon as the city gates were thrown open, the people who all rose with the day, began to flock forth in groups towards the scene. It was a beautiful September morning. The filmy mist which had hung like a veil over every thing, began to lift, and disclosed the herbage, glistening with jewels of a thousand hues. The Bouwery road was thronged as far as the eye could reach, among the trees and foliage, with people of every description. Here sauntered along a maiden, accompanied by her lover, while the disappointed swain lingered in the rear, watching their every action, and feasting his soul on jealousy. There trod a vindictive looking Wall-man, while with a look of derision, a Vly-man, hustled by him. Quite in front of the revellers, might be seen the burly magistrate, accompanied by his worthy friend Mynheer Brevoort, for whom he showed a singular liking, since his strong assistance on the evening previous. The tall form of "Wat of the sledge," moved along encircled by a band of his friends, while he of the mill, was in a similar manner escorted by those who sustained him as their champion. There had been a challenge from both parties, each one braving the other to some one feat which he was to name and perform; and he that failed to do both, was to be adjudged the loser. What these feats were, had not been named by either champion, but it was easily divined, that Wat

of the sledge, would ~~not~~ wander very far from his trade.

Among the many who thronged the highway, was the traveller, whom we left the preceding evening at Dame Bonny's. He seemed to be known to no one, for he was walking apart from the crowd, and in an independent manner, which seemed to court the acquaintance of none, still he was an attentive listener to all that was said within his hearing, and often propounded questions to the urchin at his side, whom he had hired as a guide.

Our traveller seemed not aware, however, that he himself was no inconsiderable object of attention and curiosity to many. He was evidently of the higher class, as his dress betokened ; still he was unattended either by slave or servant, and had given, at the dame's where he lodged, no name whereby he might be known or distinguished.

This curiosity, however, about the stranger, gradually subsided, or gave place to the more important and immediate considerations of the day, as they drew near to the spot selected for the coming contest. It was a level piece of sward, skirted by venerable old trees, throwing their gnarled branches overhead, till quite meeting, and thus forming a grateful protection against the scorching rays of the sun. The grass beneath had been thickly strewn over with bark from the neighbouring tanneries, to prevent any slip of the foot which might occur to the discomfiture of either champion.

When our traveller had arrived at the scene

of action, he found the two antagonists already preparing for the contest. Wat o' the sledge was receiving from two of his workmen, a brace of heavy hammers, each one weighing fifty pounds, and made exactly alike. Rob o' the mill was attending in person to the unloading of a small cart, which contained an immense sack of salt, marked in large figures 800, to signify that it weighed that number of pounds.

The friends of both parties were gathered around their respective leaders, laughing, talking, and throwing in words of encouragement. Here and there were erected little booths, under whose shelter the owners vended cider, hollands, cakes, and other sorts of refreshments, to whoever called for them. Boys were pitching seawants, young men quoits, while here and there might be seen a comely maiden listening, well pleased, to the tale which some favoured youth was whispering in her ear. The spot selected for the trial of strength, lay just at the foot of the slight elevation, called Bayard's Mount, on which the prisoners were to be executed. On the crown of this little elevation, and looming up amid the mist which yet lingered around its summit, stood the gallows. A large group of men and boys was collected directly beneath this hideous machine, attentively viewing its height and strength, and some, as their gesticulations would seem to indicate, were passing comments upon it, or with upraised hands, pointing out some deficiency or excellence. At

length all preliminaries being settled, the waving crowd below began to move, and the antagonists took their places on the cleared spot which was left solely to them.

It was the custom for him who had been last beaten, always to perform the first feat, and thereby test the strength of the other. Wat o' the sledge stood at one end of the little square with his ponderous hammers, one on either side, resting on the ground. His sleeves were rolled up above the elbows, and displayed his arms, long, brawny, and of a nondescript colour, something between a light blue and a brown. The miller stood a little distance from him, and in a listless attitude, as if not caring which way the fortune of the day would turn; but there was a quick heaving of his powerful and finely moulded chest, and a slight quivering of the lip, which told to a keen-eyed observer, such as our traveller, that Rob o' the mill was not really so disinterested or apathetic as he would seem. "Come, miller," cried the high sheriff, "show your metal to the smit and let this day be memorable for the victory turned."

The miller stripped his dusty coat from his broad shoulders, and rolled up his sleeves to the elbow. His arms, like his stature, were short and thick, while those of the smith's were long and sinewy. "Well, Wat," said he of the mill, walking across the little arena, and shaking hands with the brawny smith, which was always the custom previous to the contest, to show that the champions bore no ill-will to

each other, but were simply performing, in all good nature, the parts which had been assigned them by their respective parties, "yonder is my task, by the little barrow," pointing to the sack which was marked 800, "can you back it and walk ten rods, and round again?" "Faith, friend Rob," replied the smith, "it is a weighty work, that same, but nath'less, after you have accomplished it, I will e'en try my hand." It was a great weight to carry, eight hundred pounds of salt, and many doubted if either of the champions would be able to effect it. The weight itself, however, was not the great drawback, for when once fairly on the shoulders, it was no more than a very strong man, such as the two champions were supposed to be, ought to carry. The great difficulty was in raising the load from the ground, and seating it once fairly on the shoulders, and here the miller had the undoubted advantage, for to raise a full sack from the ground to the shoulders, requires nearly as much tact or sleight of hand, as strength.

The miller, from lifting heavy sacks daily, had acquired this practice, while the smith was a tyro in the art, and being well aware where-in the real difficulty consisted, Rob o' the mill had selected this particular feat, hoping therein to outdo his antagonist. The ground was measured off, and the stout miller kneeling on one knee by the sack, with both hands over his right shoulder, seized the ligatures or loops, which were purposely attached to accommodate the grasp. All eyes were intent upon

Rob, as he made a moment's delay the better to adjust the sack, and Wat o' the sledge stood by, attentively scanning the miller's every motion. Gradually he bent forwards till his forehead nearly touched the ground, the sack straining and cracking as if it would burst, till at last the whole weight was thrown into it. One after the other the corners lifted, as the contents settled down, till the ponderous weight was fairly clear of the ground. With a steady motion, Rob raised from his bended knee, regained his footing, and proceeded forward with a powerful step. "Hurrah for the miller! Rob o' the mill for ever!" shouted the Wall men, in tones of encouragement.

For the first eight rods the miller proceeded with a steady step; but ere he had reached the point at which he was to turn and come back, his steps began slightly to waver.

The Wall men saw that their champion began to fail, and set up another encouraging shout of, "Well done, miller! well done! To it strong! You're half way!"—and other similar encouraging cries.

The miller picked up additional strength and resolution, and for a moment regained a firm step; but ere he had reached half-way on his return to the starting point, his steps again began to falter, and deviate widely from a straight line. Still he hung manfully to the huge load, and bent him over to the task. With dilated nostril and bulging eye, he neared the goal. The bag began to surge downwards, and his hands were drawn nearly over to the middle of

his back, while his forehead was bent almost to the ground. Down, downwards sallied the sack; but the tenacious Rob still kept his powerful gripe, till just at the goal it relaxed, the sack fell, but was fairly to the mark.

The Wall men raised a deafening shout of approbation, and closed round their champion. The exertion had been great, but a glass of good hollands soon revived the merry miller, and he took his stand among the many, to witness Wat's performance.

The gigantic smith knelt, in the same manner as the miller had done before him, and raised the sack; but, in attempting to regain his footing, swerved a little to one side, and his ponderous burden tumbled heavily to the ground.

The Wall men set up a shout of exultation, but the smith soon bent himself again to the task, and this time with success.

Stung with the disgrace of his first failure, the smith strided forwards, nor was there any indication of wavering when he had even reached so far as the turning point. All eyes were intent upon him, when one of the two loops broke. With the quickness of thought, Wat lowered the useless hand, and bringing it round behind him, supported the sack below. Notwithstanding this great disadvantage, the powerful smith staggered on, reeling beneath the sack like a drunken man. He gained the goal, proceeded several yards beyond, and then dropped the sack.

The Vly men, in turn, shouted in defiance, and loudly extolled their leader.

A few moments rested the champions, while the company dispersed to the neighbouring booths to refresh themselves and talk over the matter.

The Vly men, now that their chief had met the enemy on his own ground and come off best, did not doubt the event of the feat to follow, but already began to talk about victory.

The traveller meanwhile was an idle but an interested looker-on, and lingered around the spot, while others were gone to the little booths which held out their attractions all around. He lifted the hammers of the smith, examined their workmanship, and put many questions to his little guide.

At length the company returned to the arena, and the smith proposed to the miller that they should now attempt his feat, at the same time twirling one of the weighty hammers about between his finger and thumb.

"Aye but, Wat," replied he o' the mill, "you do n't mean to heave these lumps of iron, do you?" at the same time weighing one of the hammers in his hand.

"Aye, friend Rob, that do I verily," rejoined he o' the sledge; "and he that throws his hammer to the greatest distance from the mark I will make with my foot, wins the day. What say you, Rob?" asked the confident smith. "Will you try it, or will you e'en give up the day without a stroke for it?"

The miller stood irresolute, for he felt that

to contend with Wat at his own trade was useless. The Wall men urged him on; but he was resolute, and protested against contending with a man who had beaten him at his own trick.

The smith looked proudly and confidently around as he stood with the hammer in his bony hand, and cried to the Wall men in a taunting tone to produce their champion, or the day was his.

There were among the Wall men many men of very great strength, but none so pre-eminently gifted as Wat o' the sledge, and not one could be found who would venture to compete with the mighty smith. The Wall men, much disheartened, were about relinquishing the palm, and the exulting smith was loudly declaring the day to be his, when the traveller, who had been standing by, a disinterested spectator, and altogether unnoticed in the general interest, mildly stepped forward and addressed the vaunting smith,

"Friend smith," said he, "if the miller agreeth, and his party is willing, I will even venture a little throw for the honour of the Wall men."

The smith looked at the coated figure of the traveller in scorn, and replied that he was ready for any man, Wall man, or traveller, or whatever he might be.

It was soon noised throughout the assemblage that the Wall men had found a champion who would venture to compete with the smith, and the company all pressed forwards

to get a glimpse of the man who was so audacious.

The Vly men, who had till now felt the day their own, pricked forward in some alarm when they heard the intelligence, and gathered round the little arena.

The crowd soon became quite dense, and many who were unable to obtain a position where they might view the new comer, had recourse to the old trees, (before mentioned as throwing their arms directly over the spot,) and the limbs overhead were soon alive with men and boys of both and neither party, anxious to get a sight of the contest, which had now doubly increased in interest.

The traveller was now regarded by all as an object of interest; but many, comparing his frame with that of the gigantic smith, began to make inferences not at all in his favour.

"By St. Nicholas, sir traveller," said the burly hoof'd Schout, at that instant coming up, and recognising the stranger, whom he had met on the previous evening, and whom he had invited to be present at the festivity, "you are here to some purpose, I trow; but beware, for he of the anvil has the advantage of you in weight, inches, and years."

The wall-men very readily and gladly gave their consent to the traveller's offer, while he o' the mill as strongly seconded them, glad to be relieved from bearing the most prominent part in a strife which had always ended in the defeat and disgrace of his party and himself. Permission being granted to the traveller to

play the part which he had assumed, he made no other preparation than by rolling up his sleeves, which action displayed to the eager eyes of the party, whose cause he had espoused, a small delicate white arm elegantly tapering towards the wrist. Many exclamations of surprise and even vexation, were vented at this sight; for how was a gentleman, one with a white and delicate arm (as he had displayed) to hold any even game, with the rough smith inured to toil and hardship. As the traveller rolled his sleeve farther up, the white arm began to swell, and swell till near the elbow it had assumed quite a goodly size, notwithstanding the delicate taper.

"Sir Smith," said he, "having finished this little preparation, will you make a heave?"

"Not with one who is nameless," gruffly, replied the smith, willing to vent his spleen at being pitted against a gentle white-armed man in that way. "We always have a name here,

sir traveller, and suppose that you have one; mine is, Wat o' the sledge," haughtily concluded he. "Truly as you say, Sir, Wat o' the sledge; I have a name. You may put me down as one William, or Willy Wintle; and now if it pleases, will you even make your throw?"

"And what?" asked the smith, sneeringly; "will you heave for, sir traveller? for you would perhaps like some remuneration for the great and uncommon exertion which you will make." "Have you yet seen the tools which we of the Vly handle?" "No," replied the traveller to these taunts, in a calm mild voice.

"I have not seen any thing but those two large heavy hammers at your feet. Truly you would'nt use these." "Ha, ha," roared the smith, thinking his antagonist was already alarmed at the sight of the weighty tools; "truly, sir traveller, or Wintle, these are precisely the little things I would challenge you to throw; and that too for whatever you please." "What say you shall be the stakes?" "Your services for one year against that trinket," replied Wintle, pulling out a beautiful golden time-keeper set with jewels, which he deposited in the smith's hand. "It is a beautiful piece, truly, Sir Wintle," said the smith, turning the watch over in his huge paw; "and I should hardly know in what corner of my shop to deposit it; but nath'less," (continued he, returning the piece to Wintle,) "it shall be e'en as you say. My services for one year at whatever you please, against the repeater. And now, sir traveller, in good feeling, I would e'en advise ye to doff that great coat, for on my word you'll need it. When Wa't o' the sledge heaves, for the honour of the Vly, and a watch besides, worth more than his shop, tools, and every thing he owns in the world; it will be no child's play, I can assure ye." "Nay, nay, sir smith," replied he of the road, "an you beat me the first throw, it will be time enough to (doff) the garment at the second." "Oh, doff the coat, doff the coat, sir traveller," cried many of the Wall-men prepossessed in favour of Willy Wintle; not only because he had assumed their part, but

because of his mild and unpretending diction. "Aye, doff the coat, Mynheer Wintle," said the officious Hoofd Schout, stumping up, and "laying hold" of the garment. "Nay, nay, my friends," persisted Willy; "I am about making a throw with the stout smith, for your honours and a little stake we have pending between us, an it please you, I would rather do it mine own way." "Let him alone, let him do it," again cried the vacillating multitude, and the Hoofd Schout gently repulsed, stepped back. "Now, Sir Wat o' the sledge," said Willy, "to it like a man, and put no trust in a white arm."

The smith looked contemptuously at his adversary, and, as if to illustrate it practically, seized one of the hammers, and with a careless toss, threw it from him. The ponderous missile, through carelessly thrown, had gathered great impetus from the powerful arm which hurled it, and rising high in the air, descended to the ground some feet beyond the last year's throw, (which had been marked as a great feat) where it lay half buried in the sod. A shout ensued from the Vly-men, for contrary to their expectations the hammer had flown beyond the last year's throw, which had won them the victory. "There, sir traveller," said the smith, not even watching the event of his cast, but turning immediately to his competitor, "there is my throw, can you better it?" "No," returned his opponent; "but I would advise you to do it, and throw with more care, else

your stalwart limbs, friend smith, will be at my disposal for one year."

"Pooh, pooh, idle vaunting," returned the smith; "make as good a cast, Sir Wintle, and I will not be backward to better it." The traveller smiled, and stepping forward, with a careless air, and great seeming ease, lifted the remaining hammer from the ground, weighed it well in his hand, examined it carefully, and putting one foot forwards, with a single swing dismissed the massive iron from his grasp. A shout of acclamation from both parties rent the air, as the hammer skimming along the ground buried itself a yard beyond the smith's.

The miller stepped up and took the traveller by the hand, while the smith looked around with mingled feelings of astonishment, vexation, and alarm. He thought of the bargain contracted between himself and the stranger, who had just shown a specimen of his enormous strength, and wished that he had either never made the bargain, or that he knew how much of the stranger's force remained behind. He looked around and saw the countenances of the Wall-men brightening up, while his own party appeared dejected. To be outdone now, after vaunting so much as he had, and to be outdone at his own trick too, would be a great disgrace, besides bringing upon him the forfeit of his person for the period of one year. Madened by these reflections and the momentary elation of the opposite party, the stout smith seized the hammer brought to him, and bent all his energies to the coming cast.

There was no careless parade of nonchalance, no vaunting boasts, or taunts thrown at his opponent, but in silence he eyed the distance before him, carefully examined the ground under foot, rubbed his hand with sand and poised the heavy hammer in mid-air. For a moment it moved with a slow pendulous motion, till having gained momentum, it flew with the speed of thought around the smith's head, performing four or five evolutions, till discharged from his powerful gripe, it went whizzing through the air and fell at nearly twice the distance reached in the former cast. "There, sir traveller," said the smith, attentively watching his cast this time, and appearing well satisfied with it, "an you go beyond that you are a better man than Wat o' the sledge, and the day is your's, together with my services for one year." "But will you not try again," responded the traveller, "and mayhap better that." "No, no," replied he of the hammer, "an you better it the day as I said before is yours." The smith had made a powerful cast and one of which he need not have been ashamed. It was then with no common degree of anxiety, and attention, that they of both parties, watched the traveller as he once more took his stand on the arena. He too, after the smith's example threw aside all appearance of carelessness, and viewed the ground with a quick unhesitating eye, but without that look of anxiety which had overspread the countenance of his opponent. As he grasped the hammer, the muscles stood out

with the tension like whip-cord, and gathered beneath the elbow in a large bulb, that evinced no common strength. The smith eyed his arm with admiration and even the dullest now began to perceive the beautiful proportions of his close-knit frame. A few powerful swings put the sledge in motion, till flying round the traveller's head with too great velocity for the sight to follow, it was discharged from his hand and was seen again skimming along the ground. It reached the smith's hammer, passed on quite over and beyond, and lit on the green sward, ten feet on the other side. An acclamation of joy from a hundred stentorian lungs, rent the still air, and during the general rejoicing the traveller slipped on one side unnoticed.

At this juncture, the boys shouted, "The prisoners, the prisoners; there come the spies," and looking along the road, the multitude perceived the arms glittering in the sun, and a moment after, the four unfortunate men themselves, walking in the centre of the guard, but unpinioned.

During the momentary interest caused by the approach of the prisoners, the traveller being, as we have before said, unnoticed, succeeded in making a retreat. When the interest had somewhat subsided and the wall-men turned to look for the stranger who had thus unexpectedly turned the day in their favour, he was gone. As the prisoners under the care of the guard were slowly toiling up towards the summit of that elevation on which they were to breathe their last, quite a different and

unexpected party were also travelling towards the same point of destination on the other side of the mount. They were quite a numerous party, numbering perhaps about forty; well armed, marching in close file, and headed by a young man in a naval uniform, who seemed to direct their movements. In his hand he held a drawn sword, at his belt was suspended a brace of pistols, and his whole tout ensemble was altogether that of one seemingly bent upon some daring and dangerous enterprise. It was La Vincent. The shout from the crowd announcing the approach of the prisoners, informed him there was no time to be lost. With accelerated step he marched up his men, and on reaching the brow of the hill where stood the hateful gallows, they were confronted face to face with the approaching guard. The instrument of death reared its horrid form directly before and about midway between the two parties. "Silence, all," thundered La Vincent. "Present arms, take aim; and now," said he, addressing himself to the astonished guard, "surrender, lay down your arms, and give up the prisoners, or I fire." The guards taken so unexpectedly, very considerably complied with the modest request, laid down their arms, wheeled about, and at La Vincent's command, very quietly marched down the hill, leaving the prisoners behind them. The seamen gave three loud, good, hearty, English cheers to welcome back their ship-mates, so suddenly delivered from an impending fate, wheeled about with their lead-

er and marched back in the direction whence they had come.

"'Twas well done," muttered the traveller, who at a little distance leaning against a tree, had watched the whole movement. The seamen soon disappeared, winding along beneath the trees till their march terminated at that point of land now called Corlear's Hook, here they embarked in the boats waiting for them, and shoving out into the stream, were soon rapidly pulling for the Buttermilk channel. This daring exploit struck consternation into the hearts of many, and the cry of "The British," "The British," was a sound that speedily put an end to all farther festivity. The disappointed people hurried in groups towards the city, and such was the rapidity of the movements that many of the booths, deserted by their owners remained standing where they were.

The last of the hurrying crowd had disappeared at a turn in the road, when the portly figure of the burly Hoofd Schout issued from the door of a little hostelry near by, where he had probably tarried for an additional glass of Hollands, and betook himself to the road.

He had proceeded perhaps a quarter of a mile or more, and had arrived at a deep glen, or indentation in the road just about where Pearl-street crosses present Chatham, when he became aware of a rapid foot-step behind him. At the bottom of this glen was a rude bridge, affording a passage over the water,

which set up to that point from the river. The Schout, as we have said, had arrived at this point when he became aware of approaching footsteps.

In the plenitude of his soul, but whether moved by the recollections of the buxom landlady, or by the influence of her Hollands, we cannot determine, he began to hum a low Dutch air to wile away the moments, until the approaching personage, whoever he might be, should come up. He had hardly commenced exercising his musical talent, when his attention was directed towards the point where he had heard the footsteps, by a fine manly voice, half singing, half chanting the following words, which seemed to be composed at the performer's pleasure.

The green wood tree, and the birds for me ;
And the roar of the laughing sea ;
Where we fear no Schout, as we turn about
On wings like the eagle free.
The ship flies fast in the roaring blast,
Which bends the yards, and sways the mast ;
But we fear no breeze on the flashing seas,
And laugh when the storm is past.

"By St. Nicholas, a good and a merry song, sir traveller," said the Hoofd Schout, as the new comer made his appearance on the brow of the hill, "thou art as good at the song as the hammer. Truly, an thou art going towards the city, I would willingly bear thee company, and can perhaps lend thee a hand at a stave."

"With right good will, Sir Hoofd Schout,

would I bear thee company, and e'en try w it thee at a song, for a cup of the dame's best Hollands," replied the traveller, or as he had styled himself at the fête, Willy Wintle, "but I fear me you would weary of my company, ere we had passed a third of the journey. So saying, the traveller stepped to the road side, where was a clump of tall hazels and young hickories. From among these he selected the tallest and stoutest wand, which he cut with his knife and stripped of its twigs and branches. "Ha, sir traveller," said the magistrate, who was watching his movements and thinking he was cutting a cane, "methinks so stout a man as you have this day proved yourself to be, should need no artificial aid; on the good highway." "Nay," replied the traveller, carelessly sauntering down the little declivity, "but touching that, I would fain have a word with thee, while I prune the stick, at which I crave your assistance." The magistrate held one end of the wand, while the traveller with his knife proceeded to clear it of all twigs, stems, knots, and other protuberances, which having effected, he closed his knife, put it in his pocket and addressed the magistrate. "Friend Hoofd Schout," said he, "touching the matter of the wand, I would fain have a word with thee, as I have cut it and trimmed it for a very curious purpose. "What may that be, Sir Wintle," asked the unconscious Schout. "Why," replied the traveller, "there have been sundry disturbances lately, at the east, caused by some unknown thing, denominated witchcraft, of

which, you being a man of erudition, have probably heard. "Aye, verily," replied the magistrate, looking down with a thoughtful air, "and a very bad thing it is too." "There, I agree with thee perfectly," interposed the traveller, "and now I am truly and most sanely possessed with the belief, friend Bartus Spoo-turken, that this same malady hath verily entered into thy portly and comely-looking person, in the shape of one spirit, styled commonly self-conceit, or a boasting and lying tongue, which I, Ephraim Lowe, 'that bold and wicked man whom thou didst so hard press in the tap-room of one Dame Bonny, and whom thou didst promise to capture, if ever thou couldst come within arm's length of him again,' would now out of kindness towards thee, drive out of thy body, even as the monks and friars of old were wont to do, with much flagellation and stripes, after which, if it appeareth meet to thee, I will journey on to the city in thy company, and even try with thee, who is the better man at trolling of a stave." "What sayest thou." So saying, the traveller, (or Ephraim Lowe, as we shall now call him,) seized the trembling dignitary by the arm, and commenced the flagellation, of which he had spoken. It may be conceived that a switching, with a good hickory stick, handled by so powerful a man as the Admiral, was no joke, and the corpulent magistrate capered round under its effect, very much like a delinquent school-boy. "Oh! oh! oh!" roared the magistrate, each oh growing louder than its neighbour, while his capers at

the same time, assumed very much the appearance of youth. "Has the evil spirit yet left thee, sir magistrate, cried the Admiral—but no" continued he, plying the switch with still more vigour. "I know him of old, to be a hard and stubborn spirit." "For the love of God and St. Nicholas," sputtered the blubbering dignitary, "have mercy." "Has the evil spirit left thee, I say again," cried the Admiral. "Mercy, mercy, oh! oh! oh!" ejaculated the valiant magistrate, bringing round his stumpy arm and clapping his hand upon the injured part, while he cut such outrageous capers as to make even the little boy who had guided the traveller, laugh most heartily. Whack, whack, whack, the strokes resounded along the little valley, while the magistrate cut pirouettes, minuettes, and all sorts of etsy, to their music. "Have pity, sir traveller, have pity, I am a Wall-man, one for whom thou didst this day exert thyself so manfully." "Aye," replied the Admiral, "and I am showing my farther predilection for thee, by this present exertion. Has the evil spirit yet left thee?" continued the old man smiling, and yet applying the switch vigorously to the burly Schout's seat of honour. "Yes, yes, gone, gone," sobbed, the worthy man, as if his magnanimous heart would break "clean gone, and I will no more boast of taking thee, an thou beest Ephraim Lowe, or the devil." "That last stroke cleared him out then," replied the Admiral, dealing a cut of more than ordinary vigour, "and now, if thou thinkest, friend Bartus, he is fairly gone, why, I would

fain believe thee and let thee go, for I would not that the innocent should suffer. The flagellation, believe me, Mynheer Spooturken, was intended for the evil spirit, thou must not take it at all to thyself." So saying, the Admiral released his hold and threw his whip into the water, then turning to the worthy man, who had by this time adjusted his dress, which had been somewhat deranged, he pleasantly continued, "An thou art for the city now, friend Bartus; I have no objections to accompany thee, and e'en try a bout at the song of which you but just spoke. Verily, and thou usest thy voice as well as thou didst thy legs, thou art the favourite of the nine, and would even bear off the palm." "Nay, sir traveller," rejoined Bartus, shuffling off to put as much distance between himself and the Admiral as possible, "now I bethink me, I have business which calls me on another way to a friend's house." The Admiral smiled, and proceeded onward towards the city, while the Hoofd Schout pursued another route, which instead of taking him to a friend's house, led to the western gate of the little town. Arrived within a short distance of the city, Lowe turned his steps from the main road and struck into a small pathway, which, winding among the scattered trees, led directly to that collection of buildings without the walls called the Smith's Vly.

The urchin, whom he had retained by his side, soon pointed out to him the premises of the stout smith, with whom he had a little while before contended at the feat of the hammer.

He entered, and found Wat o' the sledge already plying his craft with great industry, determined probably to improve as much of the time left him by his victor as possible. For a moment the smith did not perceive his entrance, and the Admiral stopt to admire the ingenuity and strength with which he wielded his ponderous tools to perfect some nicety of art. At length as he looked up from his work and discovered the Admiral, a cloud lowered over his countenance.

"Well, sir Wintle, you are come," said he, sullenly, "to claim your wager, and I am willing to fulfil it." "Not so fast, not so fast, good smith," replied the Admiral; "for on certain conditions only will I claim thy services: it was a foolish wager, and rashly made."

"Nevertheless, I am ready to abide by my word," replied he o' the sledge, but will listen to thy conditions." "Are you married?" then asked the Admiral. "I am," answered Wat. "Have you a family?" "Two girls and a boy," mournfully replied the smith, thinking of the destitute situation of his little ones if his services were taken from them; "and none to provide for them but myself." "Then am I not the man to hold thee to thy wager," said the Admiral. "But one thing, sir smith, I would fain crave of thee, and that is, should I at any time happen to be hard beset, thou shalt if possible render me thy assistance; farther than this I would not of thee, for I too have had little ones, and wot full well of their destitute condition when death has robbed them

of a mother, and left them to the sole guidance of a father. Promise me but this, and keep thy labour for thy little ones." "That will I, sir traveller," said the grateful smith, bounding forward and seizing his hand; "and it shall go hard with me but I will render thee assistance when thou callest for Wat o' the Vly." The Admiral turned to leave the shop but found his way opposed by a guard of soldiers.

We left the Hoofd Schout trudging rapidly onward towards the western gate, which he soon entered. Proceeding down the Broadway, this active officer directed his steps towards the fort in which was the Governor's house. With this dignitary he demanded an interview, and related to the Governor the fact that Ephraim Lowe was then on the island. In five minutes a guard of soldiers was marching through the city to take him. They passed through the water port, and on to the smith's Vly, whither it was supposed the Admiral had gone to claim of the smith his forfeit.

They had barely arrived at the smith's shop when the Admiral, as we have seen, had turned to depart. "What, ho! my jolly men," said he, seizing the foremost soldier and dashing him on one side; "make way there, or I make it for myself." So saying, he wrenched a musket from the nearest soldier, and charged directly through the guard. A few steps brought him to the boat which the night before he had taken from the fort. Into this he jumped, and was fairly out into the stream ere the soldiers had recovered from their sudden surprise.

They too jumped into a boat which lay near by, but Admiral Lowe in his own boat, was a different man from Admiral Lowe in a heavy Dutch yawl; and so they found him, for the pursuit was soon given over

CHAPTER VI.

As the Admiral gaily pulled along towards the Buttermilk Channel, he descried three large boats making for the same passage. At first he thought that his retreat had been cut off, but a momentary and closer observation satisfied him that the boats ahead were none other than those of La Vincent with the rescued prisoners. They were pulling very leisurely along, and with a little additional labour he was soon enabled to come up with them. La Vincent did not recognise in the person of the coated traveller the bold Admiral who had once rescued him from the jaws of death; nor indeed would he perhaps have noticed him at all with anything more than a passing glance, had not his attention been attracted to the traveller's swift-moving boat.

"Pull, men, pull," cried the young Englishman, "or a single-handed man will pass you. Pull, pull," cried he, as the traveller was swiftly surging by. They did pull, and manfully too; but notwithstanding their endeavours, the stranger passed, and lay directly a-head, which

position he maintained without any seeming exertion.

"Fairly beaten, fairly beaten, Captain La Vincent," cried the stranger, merrily, at the same time sheering one side and allowing the boats to come up, when he extended his hand, which the young man eagerly grasped. "Ha! the Admiral!" muttered he; "and Elvellynne, Elvellynne! how is she?" then changing his voice to a tone of fierce defiance, he added, "Beware, old man, how you injure the maiden, for I have an account to settle with thee, which can only be balanced in blood."

The old man smiled, and rejoined, in a calm tone of advice, "You are young yet, young man, and know not with whom you would contend, and I should decline a contest in which I have so much the advantage of years, strength and practice; but, nevertheless," whispered he, "be at the old anchorage in the little bay to-night at eight, and I will meet you on board the Merry Christmas, where we can settle all differences in a milder way, and to your much better satisfaction." Having concluded, the Admiral shoved off and disappeared round the point.

The word coward trembled on the young man's lips as the Admiral declined a hostile meeting, but he suppressed it, as the thought flashed across his mind, that the one he was about to brand with this debasing epithet, was far from cowardly, and that to his bravery alone he had once owed his life. He remembered the mysterious interest which the Admi-

ral had always taken in him and his affairs, and knew that in the proposed meeting the old man could mean him no treachery. The thought too that he might perhaps see Elvellynne again, at once determined him to go, and buoyed up with this faint hope, he passed an anxious day.

As the day slowly declined and the appointed hour of the meeting approached, La Vincent arrayed his person with more than usual care, paying great attention to even the minutiae of his dress.

It is often thus that man—vain, foolish man! thinks to outdo a powerful rival, and win the object of his affections from the arms of another. It is a great mistake among men, and one, too, often adopted, that a woman is to be won upon by a fair exterior, and that a handsome boot, a fine-setting coat, or some other such trifle, is the true avenue to a woman's heart!

Such a woman, if there were such an one, I would not have for my chamber-maid. It is true that ladies pay a great attention to the outward appearance of themselves, and even judge of others of their *own sex*, by an exterior criterion; but believe me, ye young men, and old men too, who are about entering the arena, that if this be the bark you sail in, you will surely be wrecked!

To even the vainest and most worldly woman you must open the stores of your mind—if you have any—you must lay at her feet the lore collected through a life-time—you must drag from the dark recesses of memory's store-

house the treasures of by-gone days—you must burnish up the rusty weapons of wit's armory, and, more than all, you must make the fair one believe, that this collection, "odd and rare," was all gathered for her.

If you are blessed with that power of which friend Butler speaks, when he says:—

"But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 'a sufficient at one time,"

by all means woo the nine. If you are more hideous than e'er was Caliban, it is a portal through which you will find certain and sure admittance, notwithstanding the lady's assertion to the knight, that

"She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean."

But to return to our story.

Perhaps La Vincent was labouring under this mistaken idea, when he paid so great attention to his dress and person. A plain black dress, no ornaments, nice boot, &c., you understand, is all that is requisite.

Confound it, how we yaw about. Certain it is, that, as the bell on board His Majesty's Sloop-of-war, Greyhound, struck seven in the second dog-watch, (or half-past seven of the

clock,) as the young man was stepping into the boat which was to bear him to the interview, he had never appeared better.

It was a lovely September night ; just such an one as a man in love delights to be abroad in. Many contending emotions strove for the mastery in the young man's breast, as he sat wrapped in his boat-cloak, in silence. He thought of her whom he had loved, now torn from him by a ruthless and mysterious hand, and his soul kindled against the perpetrator of this deed ; but as his boat shot around the point into the little bay, and disclosed to him the beautiful Brigantine silently floating at her anchor, he looked towards the cabin-windows, which were open, and thought he could discover the figure of Elvellynne De Montford flitting backwards and forwards by it. At the sight of her, whom he remembered at that moment only as his betrothed, he forgot all thoughts of vengeance, all thoughts of a rival, and the dominant feeling was—pure, silent, unalloyed love.

At this instant, the first sound of a musical instrument reached his ear, and he commanded the men to cease pulling. It swelled and increased, till the rambling notes settled into a distinct and beautiful air, and he at once recognized the arch-lute of Elvellynne De Montford. The maiden's voice presently blended with the strain, and breathed the following words—words which La Vincent himself had taught her, but a week before their unexpected separation :—

Oh! ask me not at evening hour
Why look I on the sea,
And pray for breezes gently fair
To waft thee on to me.

The moonbeam tips the heaving surge,
The sun has kissed the wave ;
The zephyr breathes a morning dirge
To mourn the fair and brave.

'Tis then I look upon the sky,
And scan the watery main;
O blame me not, if, in a sigh,
I wish thee back again!

The voice ceased, and the men, with a few vigorous strokes, shot the boat along-side the Merry Christmas. La Vincent ascended the side and was met by the Admiral, who conducted him aft, and ushered him into the cabin. Elvellynne was still holding the lute, and, as he entered, extended to him her hand with her old welcome, and looking more beautiful than ever.

She was dressed in a rich brocade silk, with raised flowers, and the dress, which was made similar to the one in which we first saw her, displayed to great advantage, as she rose to meet the young officer, her truly graceful form.

"Welcome, Charles," said she, with a winning smile, "and a hearty welcome to you, and now sit down, for since I have become a sailor, I aspire to all the privileges of the berth, and am e'en going to spin you a yarn."

It was Elvellynne De Montford herself, so like her witching way that La Vincent, under the impulse of the moment, clasped her to his bosom, as in former days. In that one moment of joy he had forgotten the past and the stern old man who had robbed him of his treasure, and who was standing by.

The Admiral, seeing how affairs stood, cried, "bravely done, young man! you charge well!" and, turning, left the apartment.

"Now, said Elvellynne," gaily leading her lover to a seat, "dispel that gloom on your brow, and make up your mind, instead of Admiral Lowe, to settle all your differences with me."

"But, but, gasped La Vincent—you love him!"

"Love who?" asked Elvellynne.

"Why that, that, this Admiral Lowe," returned La Vincent, his voice almost choked with emotion.

"Certainly I do," replied the gay girl, "I love him better than myself! (La Vincent groaned,) but hear me," continued she, seeing that it afflicted her lover, and divining the cause, "I love him I said, but it is for his kindness and care over you."

The young man breathed freely, and she continued, "I told you that I claimed the privileges of a sailor, and was about to spin you a yarn, now listen, and I will unfold to you what was never before known by even myself, until revealed to me by my——by this singular man. You have always known my his-

tory, as having been left when quite young and helpless, at the house of him who has ever heretofore been my good guardian, Alderman Von Brooter. The circumstances of my entrée into his family with quite a large fortune, are too well known to you already, to require me to recur to them again. It was always to me a reflection causing much grief, that I did not know my lineage, I now make it known to you as it has been substantiated to me by ——by Admiral Lowe.

“Your own Elvellynne De Montford, is the daughter of that good and much-injured man, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, whom the wickedness of a weak and silly monarch, backed by the machinations of a debauched court, has driven from his native land, and whose history I have so often heard with emotions of sympathy for his sufferings, and indignation at his persecutors, little dreaming that while I was mourning the exile and fate of a much-injured and virtuous nobleman, that that nobleman was my father. La Vincent looked upon her with emotions of love, tenderness, and surprise.” He had loved Elvellynne De Montford solely and purely for herself, and when a lone orphan, without birth, and her lineage unknown, he had bowed down before her, and offered the devotion of a sincere heart, laying aside all prejudice, and resolved to have her as his own. He now had his reward; her parentage was known, and she claimed as her sire, one of the first and best nobles that Europe contained. “And will you,” eagerly

asked La Vincent, fondly taking her hand, "will you still love me, and still be my Elvellynne?" The maiden blushed, and the silence was favourably construed; the contract was ratified on board the brigantine, and La Vincent was once more happy. A long conversation ensued, and La Vincent was about asking Elvellynne to solve the mystery of her connection with the Admiral, when that personage entered and ended the interview.

"Well, young man," said he, pleasantly accosting La Vincent, and offering his hand, at the same time glancing knowingly from one to the other, as if he read the secret of their hearts, "did I not say well in appointing a meeting here instead of on the beach at twelve paces? What think you of the arrangement, am I not un bon général d'une armée navale, eh?" "You are, indeed, sir," replied La Vincent, taking the proffered hand, "and I am bound to ask your pardon for the idle threat which, in a moment of passion, escaped my lips." "Pooh, pooh," replied the Admiral, "never mind that, never mind that, but sit down, for I have intelligence from England, which you, as a good loyal subject, should wish to know." La Vincent seated himself as requested, and the old man commenced upon the politics of the day.

He touched upon the weak and licentious character of Charles II., and attributed all the difficulties of England originally to his imbecility of character. He dealt with the members of that wicked ministry, "the cabal," in-

dividually and severally, holding up in a broad light, the bold, insinuating, untiring eloquence of the Earl of Shaftsbury, the graceful winning wit, united with a vacillating caprice which assiduously bowed to interest; of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the ambitious and revengeful tyranny of Lauderdale, the impetuous headlong art of Clifford, and the brutish stupidity of Arlington. He laughed at their attempts at war, mentioned their weakness with scorn, and held up their deeds as a fit subject for the hatred, contempt, and disgust of posterity.

As he proceeded, the Admiral grew eloquent, and La Vincent thought that never before had he listened to so fine a strain of invective oratory. The old man unfolded before him, the vast acquisitions of a powerful mind, and retracing the events of a century back, with all the familiarity of an eye-witness, held before his admiring eyes, the weak and virtuous courses of different governments, the rise and fall of empires, with the causes; and dissected analytically the characters of all the then most prominent men of the old world.

La Vincent felt that it was truth issuing from a giant mind, and, notwithstanding his severe attack upon the king, was conscious that "facts are stubborn things," and did not reply. The Admiral wound up by apologizing for having monopolized the conversation, and then related to La Vincent the policy of the French court, in sending over to the imbecile and licentious Charles, a beautiful woman in the suite of the

Dutchess d'Orleans, who, as intended, had completely captivated him, and the weak monarch had created her Dutchess of Portsmouth. "You will now," continued he, "have no opportunity of transferring laurels from the Frenchman's brow to your own, for rest assured, that Louis XIV. and Charles, whom he has made his tool, will now go hand in hand."

The old man's prediction was afterwards fulfilled to the end, for the new-created dutchess retained so firm power over the king's affections as to bind him securely to France, while Louis himself condescended as a matter of policy to furnish the empty coffers of the British monarch with means to carry on his debauchery and wickedness. La Vincent was astonished at the fact, but was forced to believe it, as coming from the mouth of one who seemed so conversant with the affairs of all Europe. He looked upon the old man with wonder, and sighed as he thought to what heights so powerful a mind might have aspired, had its efforts been directed in a better channel. The evening passed swiftly away, and ere La Vincent thought that he had been aboard the brig an hour the bell struck midnight. He thought that propriety urged his departure, still he lingered and lingered, with the hope that an opportunity would offer in which he might interrogate Elvellynne something farther concerning the Admiral. His curiosity was fairly excited, but to his disappointment he was forced to leave without any satisfaction.

"One more song, Elvellynne," said he,

"before I go." "One more!" replied she; "why you have not heard one yet." "Ah! but I have," replied La Vincent, "and one too which I taught you myself." "Where, when?" asked Elvellynne. "On the passage to the brig," replied he. "But come; time wanes apace," said La Vincent, placing in her hand the lute; "and to make the charm complete, it must be sealed with music."

Elvellynne sang, and the rich, deep voice of the Admiral occasionally chimed in, with an execution which showed him to be a master of the art, and which, had the good Hoofd Schout heard, would have blasted all hopes of competition.

At length La Vincent took his leave, after obtaining permission to renew his visit on the next evening. As he pulled towards his own vessel, lying about two and a half miles distant, his mind was busy with the strange man whom he had just left. He was a mysterious man. Commanding a light brigantine, and at the head of a horde of pirates, whom he ruled with iron sway, he yet was evidently a being of superior mould. No wonder, thought the young man, that these sea-robbers have become so expert and dangerous, and succeed in eluding all attempts to capture them, when they have a man of such wonderful resources at their head.

But in the midst of his reverie an unwelcome thought intruded itself. La Vincent was serving under a commission from the King, and one of the principal duties assigned him

had been to clear these seas of the marauders infesting them. He had been most of the time since his arrival on the station at sea, and had succeeded in capturing many of the smaller vessels belonging to these free-traders, and one large schooner, off the western islands, commanded by one Harris, which vessel he had despatched home to England as a prize, under the command of his best lieutenant, with a sufficient crew to work her. From this vessel he had heard nothing, and felt greatly alarmed lest the pirates might have succeeded in freeing themselves from confinement and have retaken the schooner, perhaps murdering the lieutenant, with the few hands he had, and again started on a roaming excursion over the wide seas.

He had, however, succeeded better than any of his predecessors on that station, and though the prizes he had taken were small, and of no great consequence, still he had effected so much, that the Greyhound had become a terror to all these lawless men, and they had determined to collect together sufficient of their force, and destroy the cruiser at her anchorage.

The unwelcome thought which we have recorded as intruding itself so untimely upon him was, whether he ought not to take the brigantine. She was a piratical vessel, or at least commanded by the head chief, if not employed in the service herself. Still, the very man for whose head so much would have been given, was somehow strangely connected with Elvellynne De Montford, and consequently in-

timately with himself. Besides this mysterious connection, he had owed his life once to this very man; and was not that an obligation upon him to let him pass unmolested? No; he was bound by his oath to serve his country and extirpate her enemies; and certainly these men, from their leader downwards, were all enemies to the King and the whole world. But thought he, as he gradually became entwined in this maze of mind, and as insinuating sophistry began to assert her sway, what will become of Elvellynne? If I attack this brigantine, her commander is not the man to give her up without a struggle; on the contrary, he will fight like a devil; — and, and, thought the young man, what if, with my reduced crew, he should turn the chance of war and conquer me? “But during the conflict what will become of Elvellynne?” muttered he. “Perhaps in his madness (for he is a man of fierce passion, thought La Vincent) he may blow up his vessel, rather than be taken, and with her, O God, Elvellynne too!” He shuddered at the very idea; and before he slept that night, had concluded that his reduced crew, and the absence of those officers who were on board of the prize, would warrant his not meddling with the rover.

O Sophistry! thou art truly most convenient! Had La Vincent been differently circumstanced, or had he met the pirate on the open sea, even with half his present crew, how quickly would the decks have been cleared for action! How quickly would the merry shouts

of the seaman have been heard ringing a death-knell to the enemy! and how fierce would have been the contest! But Love, that mischievous urchin, was at work, and without arms or weapons conquered all. The young Captain was however in a serious difficulty, balanced between love, duty, and honour; but coming events, of which he knew little, soon relieved him from the dilemma. He retired that night with a light heart, and buried all the unpleasant reflections which had just engaged his mind, in the more strenuous yet tender contemplation of Elvellynne De Montford. To what scenes he awoke on the morrow, the sequel will disclose.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING the time while La Vincent was on board the brigantine, there was gathered together in the dame's little tap-room quite a number of people, who all seemed conversing in pairs about some important and very exciting subject. The assemblage numbered perhaps a dozen people, among whom were the jolly milier; the stout smith, and the worthy Hoofd Schout.

Paulus Spleutcher, who, be it remembered, was now serving the Admiral, was also there, being on shore on some duty for Elvellynne;

but to avoid all suspicion as to the new business he had engaged in, Paul very obligingly waited upon all who called, and did the honours of the tap-room as much to the customers' satisfaction as if he was still serving Dame Bonny in the capacity of tapster. One little squad of talkers analyzed the bold action of the young Briton in rescuing his four men in the morning at the very foot of the gallows. Another party was talking over the general affairs of the colony, while a third, and that to which we would call the attention of the reader, was conversing in a low under tone of voice, as if unwilling that the important secrets discussed should transpire. The little group was composed of Rob o' the mill, Wat o' the sledge, Bartus Spooturken, the Hoofd Schout, and his shadow, our friend the toad-eater, Mynheer Brevoort. The Hoofd Schout at the time we treat of, was speaking. "Ha," said he, slapping the brawny smith on the shoulder, "friend Wat, that was a brave throw you made to-day, and almost a better than I myself could have done a score of years back, though I would even have tried thee at heave, run, or jump; but wot ye who it was that cast against you and won the day?"

The smith, who felt grateful to the traveller for not taking advantage of the wager which he had won, and reflecting for a moment whether he ought to tell as much as he knew, after a moment's thoughtful consideration, replied, "Wot I who it was that cast against me, do you ask, friend Hoofd Schout? why,

certainly, a man of such mettle as he must needs be known, 'twas the traveller, or Willy Wintle, as he styled himself, and a right brave man too." "Aye, aye," interposed Bartus, impatient to disclose the great secret with which he was charged, and feeling his dignity and importance to be on the increase: "Aye, aye, 'twas the traveller, and Willy Wintle, if you please; but who is Willy Wintle? that is the question, gentlemen," said the dignified magistrate, throwing back his head and drawing in his chin with a very imposing air, very much like a turkey-cock with a spread tail. "Aye," said he, with a noble waive of the hand, "who is this Willy Wintle, gentlemen? that is the question;" then lowering his voice, he said, in a confidential way, to impress his hearers with the importance of the great secret which he was about to reveal, "I will tell you, gentlemen, he is no more nor less than that wicked man; that scourge of the ocean, that outlaw, Ephraim Lowe, chief commander of those bands of pirates which infest this coast, and whom I this day very nearly captured."

"Thou liest," cried an unknown voice, which made the magistrate start and look around, but seeing no one in the room bearing the resemblance of mighty Ephraim, he continued: "Gentlemen, you know in our official capacity that we meet with a great deal of intelligence that you good citizens never hear, and are obliged to brave a great many dangers"—here the little man again drew himself up, placing his hand on his round corpora-

tion, "which would make a man of even much nerve quake; but we soon get accustomed to these things and forget fear."

"Remember the bridge and the traveller," again cried the secret voice. The magistrate now looked around evidently alarmed, but thinking that some one was trying to put upon him a joke, he again summoned up courage and proceeded: "These are stirring times, gentlemen, very stirring times," and he shook his head very portentously; "bad news in the wind, bad news. I think King Charles should keep a cruiser or two here, besides the one he has, and the home government should make this a station. Bad times, stirring times, Mynheer Brevoort."

Now the good man only threw out these suggestions to excite the curiosity of his auditors, knowing full well that they, as well as the rest of mankind, were possessed with a sufficient share of this commodity, which once so puzzled our common mother, and being well aware too that they knew nothing of the facts which he was about to tell them. He thought too that double importance would be attached to the secret if it was not so easily come by, and that a little suing would be advantageous to his dignity, and make him appear the better, while at the same time it would add something of a relish to the secret. He was at least right in one respect, for no sooner had he thrown out the above hints than he knew something which nobody else knew, than Mynheer Brevoort attacked him with questions.

"Aye, bad times enough, for the hogs (may St. Nicholas curse them) got into my cabbage-garden and munched up half my beautiful cabbages, run over the kale, and mein vroeuw is almost out of salmagundi. Yes, yes," said the good burgher, immersing his hands in his capacious pockets, and looking round very wisely: "yes, bad times enough, friend Hoofd Schout."

"Poh, poh," replied Bartus, vexed at his neighbour's dullness, and that his project should only have set one of his hearers to rummaging about among his stinking fish and rotten cabbages, while the other two had engaged in a little private gossip of their own. "Poh, poh, Mynheer Brevoort, you don't understand me; the interests of the country are at stake—the vital interests of the country are at great hazard, and so you will perhaps very soon find out, when your house is burning about your ears, your property pillaged, and your family murdered before your eyes." This bold sally of the valourous Hoofd Schout brought, as he had expected, his two other auditors back to their allegiance, as well as a more direct question from his dull friend.

"Murdered, your family, pillaged, eyes," repeated the burgher in astonishment, his capacities of mind either not being able to take in, or his Dutch tongue not being able to give out, all that Mynheer Spooturken had said. "What mean you, Mynheer Spooturken?"

"Why, Mynheer Brevoort, just precisely what I said, that the country is in great dan-

ger, and we all likely to be murdered in our beds, perhaps this very night.”—“Then I shan’t go to bed for one,” muttered the burgher.

“But what is the news, Mynbeer Spooturken?” asked Wat o’ the sledge, seeing that the sheriff really had something to disclose; “what is it, man?” “Ah, friend smith,” answered Bartus, now beginning to feel that he had excited an interest, which he inwardly determined not to satisfy too rashly. “Bad enough news; news which I have thought fit in my official capacity to make known to the governor, and there will be a stir I can assure ye. It’s a great deal of news that we gentlemen of the staff fall in with in one way and another; and I may thank my suspicions for having detected the fact. It is a happy thing for the city of Nieuw Orange that it was discovered in time to avert the calamity. O, if I was only as well versed in naval tactics, as in my own official sphere, and had a good seventy-four under me at my command, what work I’d make with the rascals; yes, I’d extirpate them, cut them off, root and branch, from the oldest to the youngest, man, woman, and child; aye, the children particularly, for then there would be no more of this wicked generation to grow up, and the old ones would soon die off. That’s my policy, gentlemen, and if the home government would only adopt my views on the subject, and give me an armed force, I would soon do the business, I can assure ye,” said the brave magistrate, looking around for admiring faces.” “Remember the bridge and

the evil spirit," again cried the unknown voice in a tone of warning.

The repetition of this warning sound produced upon the magistrate a salutary effect this time ; for he now began to consider the matter a joke no longer, so lowering his voice, and having peered cautiously around to ascertain if there were any indications of immediate danger, he proceeded to unfold his tedious secret. " You must know, gentlemen, that in the course of my arduous duties, I have for a long time had my suspicions as to certain matters, and this morning after the memorable feats and rescue of the spies, I started very quietly for home, having delayed a little to speak with Mistress Muzzy about certain business which somewhat retarded my motions behind the others. Now, I had proceeded so far as Bridden's bridge, when I heard a voice behind me, trolling a stave or two of a little song which I had composed some years ago, (the worthy sheriff could'n't spell his name,) and curiosity incited me to tarry on the bridge a little till the singer should come up, that I might see who it was that had caught from me my little ditty. I had not stood long on the bridge, when who should come up in sight but the traveller, this very Willy Wintle, who to say the truth, is even a man of good parts. Well gentlemen, it happened that I recognized him at close sight as the very Ephraim Lowe, whom I was once so near taking in this very room, but for an unfortunate slip of my foot.

“ Well neighbours, for you see I was at first fearful, no not fearful, but apprehensive, that this Lowe, knowing my official capacity, shall avoid me, and take to his heels, though a score of years back that would not have saved him,” interposed the worthy man looking mournfully down at his protruding beer barrel. “ But like all great sinners, gentlemen, he was possessed with the spirit of folly, and came right on, whereupon so soon as he was within reach, I laid hands on him, and we had a tussle, but after a while he being the stronger man by a very little, succeeded in getting free, and fled beyond my reach. He, however, swore to be revenged, and to tear down the whole city of Orange, and furthermore hinted, that his forces were now on their way hither. I saw it was useless to pursue the rascal, and so giving that up, I straightway hied me to the governor, and disclosed to him the very important intelligence, that the pirates with all their forces were coming down upon the city ere long to sack and destroy. So like a good governor he has e’en doubled the guard, and ordered all the muskets burnished up.

“ There, fellow-citizens, you have the whole of the terrible intelligence, and all I have to say is, that it becomes us all to act like brave men in the coming emergency. For my part, I much regret that important business takes me to Albania on the morrow morning, which will prevent my taking my part in the defence, and as my family will be without their head and chief support, I shall take them with me ;

for what would they do if the enemy should succeed in entering the city and I gone."

At this moment the urchin who had guided the Admiral in the morning, and who had also been present at the scene on Bridden's bridge, which the magistrate had so strangely misrepresented, entered the little tap-room. At sight of the boy, the magistrate was taken with an uncommon and sudden hurry, saying, "that he had been so much interested in the affairs of the colony, that he had forgotten himself, and overstaid his time; then pulling out an old English bull's-eye watch, and knowingly looking at it, (the watch had no works,) he hurried off with the expressed intention of making ready for the morrow's journey to Albania. The fact that the pirates were about swarming towards the city, as Mynheer Spooturken had related, was actually true, but as to his being the discoverer, that was another thing. The good man was accustomed to allow himself a pretty wide latitude, as the reader has already perceived, and from oftentimes relating the same thing, at last gave credence to it himself.

Now the truth about the story was this. "Some fishermen who had been taking fish along the Jersey shore, were returning to the city when a schooner ran in and anchored. She sent a boat to the fishermen, to bargain for some of their scaly wealth, but not agreeing as to the price, the schooner's boat very civilly took the fish, paid them nothing, and kindly wished them to the devil. There were four

more vessels then standing in in the offing, and the frightened fishermen seeing this occasion of strength, and overhearing some conversation, which convinced them that these vessels were a part of Ephraim Lowe's fleet, made the best of their way to the city, and informed the governor of the facts. It happened that while the fishermen were giving this information to the governor, Bartus Spooturken made his appearance, also big with news, fresh from the Admiral's hands, and it was while waiting for an audience that he had overheard the fishermen's narration, and determined to appropriate it to himself, which we have just seen him doing so well.

As the good man was proceeding homewards along the Here-Graft, and ruminating upon the occurrences of the day, while he looked forward with dread, to the portentous to-morrow, his course was suddenly arrested at a lonely part of the street, by a person holding to his head the shining barrel of an ugly-looking pistol, and a voice which he immediately recognised as the secret voice which had been taunting him all the evening, ordering him to follow and keep silence, as he valued his life, "Oh, oh, don't, don't kill me," cried the valiant man, "of a score years back," falling on his knees and emptying his pockets of sundry half stivers, pieces of sea-want and old keys; "don't kill me, think of my poor wife and ten children, (he had but one) and I will give you all I have about me." "Rise," said he of the pistol, "and follow me in silence. Put up your drivelling

half-pence and don't lie, within an inch of eternity, you have but one child, as you well know." "Oh, oh, oh," groaned the magistrate, as he followed the robber in silence, with faltering steps, convinced that the pirates were already in the city, and wishing that he had not delayed his journey till the morrow, but have started at the first intelligence of the intended eruption. "Silence," said the robber, in a stern voice, as, through great bodily fear, Bartus's oh's were waxing strong and too loud for safety, "Silence, you fool, or I will let daylight through your thick cowardly skull," at the same time he presented the before-mentioned shining barrel, most unpleasantly near to Bartus's pericranium, while an ominous clicking of the lock told the good man he had nothing to do but place implicit confidence in his wayward and somewhat capricious guide and do his bidding.

The robber led the way to the Water Poort, which opened upon the Smith's Vly, and having first cautioned the sheriff against attempting to give any alarm, as they passed through, strode under the portal and took his way along the water. He proceeded in silence, following the beach for a half-mile, crossing several water-courses in the way, till at last he arrived with his prisoner, in front of an old dilapidated hut, which for years had been uninhabited, but which now seemed to be tenanted, as the lights streaming through the chinks and cracks, and the sound of voices from within indicated. The robber threw open the door and bade his

prisoner enter. Around a table on which stood several bottles and drinking vessels, sat three seamen, drinking, smoking, laughing, singing, and playng at some sea-game by turns. They all looked up and laid hands on their weapons, (which also were lying on the table) as the door was suddenly thrust open, but seeing who the intruder was, they set up a merry laugh, and each one running towards the Schout, seized an arm or a leg. "Come Jacques," cried one, "lay hold, lay hold, let's bump him." Jacques, (for it was no other than he with the three who had been taken, together with the the Admiral's boat on the night of the escape,) did as requested, and forthwith the four, each having respectively a limb, commenced swinging the corpulent magistrate, back and forth, before a beer cask. At every third swing, when the body had gathered sufficient momentum, they launched it directly against the head of the beer cask; the good man's fat seat of honour, coming directly in contact with the hard white oak head. At every successful bump, which elicited a more than usual groan from the Schout, some one or other of the seamen would make some remark. "There," said Long Bill, who was sweating profusely, partly from exertion, and partly from laughter, "there, that fetches him 'chock-a-block,' to it again, my hearties, one, two, three, oye ho!" "Huzza," shouted Mike, as a vigorous bump knocked in the head of the cask, "set it up an end; boys, and clap old Dutchy in it, while we chock him up with dirt." Accordingly the

barrel was set up on one end, with the mouth upwards, and into it the four merry seamen crammed the luckless Schout, who was all the while shouting for mercy, and kicking most lustily. Having stowed the bulky magistrate snugly in the cask and filled up the space all around him with loose earth, which they packed down tightly, just leaving his round head peeping over the rim, the laughing sailors rolled him up in one corner and sat down again by the table, to resume their pastime, which had been interrupted by the arrival of their shipmate, with the prisoner.

"I say, Bill," cried one, "what shall we do with old Dutchy, eh? He's fat enough to make good pork, suppose we cut his wizen, and barrel him up, then send him to the city and make a handsome spec on 'prime mess pork.'"

"No, no," answered Bill, "let's cut him up and have some 'fresh' now, who'll have a piece shipmates?" cried the long seaman, advancing to the corner where stood the cask, whetting his knife on his rough hand, and winding his long bony fingers in the prisoner's hair, as if about really to cut his throat, "who'll have a piece, who'll have a piece, shippy's, eh?"

All this while the other seamen sat at the table laughing and roaring at the odd faces and outrageous cries of the poor affrighted Schout, who really thought that these rude men were about to perform the preposterous plans suggested. He knew that the pirates were men inured alike to strife and blood, and had heard of many instances, where the most diaboli-

cal cruelty had been practised upon innocent prisoners, without any provocation, but merely as a pastime, and he believed himself to have fallen into the hands of such, little dreaming that these were only merry rogues. As the long seaman approached him with a drawn knife, he screamed in all the agony of expecting death, but when Long Bill seized him by the hair, and threw back his head, as if to have a fair sweep at his throat, the exhausted Schout swooned; the anxiety and fear had been too much for him. A vessel of water from the Salt rivier, dashed on his head, and a little hollands soon restored him.

The revellers now sat them down to the table again, and Jacques recounted to them the scene at Dame Bonny's, together with the conversation which took place between the Hoofd Schout, or old Dutchy, as he styled him and the other three, which conversation the reader has personally witnessed already. They were much pleased with the trick of the secret voice, which, with its effects, Jacques depicted in glowing colours, but when he came to that part of the conversation where the sheriff had spoken of his running abilities, and told how he would have taken Admiral Lowe, if he had only been able to command his feet as he was wont to do in "days of yore," Long Bill, who was a very devil for sport, started up, upset the cask, rolled out the stumpy dignitary, and insisted upon his taking a bout at "Skip-Jack" with him. Seizing hold of Mynheer Spooturken's hands, the jolly tar commenced wheeling round and

round with great velocity, while the poor magistrate was constrained to move his short limbs, too, to keep pace with his mischievous tormentor, as well as to keep his balance. "Hoh, damn, your blinkers, old Duchty," said Long Bill, relinquishing his grasp, "you don't keep time, now foot it alone old boy, go it," cried he, pricking up the Schout with the point of his knife, till the corpulent Bartus danced away with such vigour that the sweat rolled down his fat, greasy cheeks, in huge drops, and his face looked like a red flannel shirt. During this exhibition of the magistrate's skill, the four merry sailors stood by, almost convulsed with laughter. One while urging Bartus on to superior exertion, and applauding any successful effort, and then again punching him up with sticks when his ambition flagged, and pricking up his relaxing strength with the points of their knives. At length satisfied with the Schout's contribution to their amusement, and wearying themselves of the sport, the seamen returned to the table, bringing with them the prisoner. Here he was made to drink the health of each individual present, in a bumper of Hollands, which as he afterwards, himself said, he thought even superior to the Dame's much vaunted liquors. Then the merry men hoisted the little rotund person of the Sheriff upon the table, and insisted upon a speech in which he should "tell a lie as big as a barn," and recount to them the true circumstances of his meeting with the Admiral and the delectable little thrashing which he receiv-

ed at their commander's hands. This the Schout did, and thinking that his captors were well acquainted with the facts from their leader, he for once in his life adhered to the truth. His speech met with great applause, and for fear the honest man might take cold after his exertion, the four merry men had him down on the floor again, to perform another set of pirouettes, which he did, much to their satisfaction.

"Now, old Dutchy," cried Long Bill, "you have done pretty well, but there is yet one more thing which by your own account you will appear well in, and that is a song. Come, old boy, mount the table, and give us a song." "A song, a song," cried all, and so a song it was.

Somewhat emboldened by the copious potations which he had taken, Mynheer Bartus thinking this was too much to demand of one man, and that he had contributed his full share to the common amusement, doggedly refused to comply farther with their imperative requests. "Who'll have a piece, who'll have a piece," cried Long Bill, again flourishing his knife and smacking his lips in very contemplation of the delicate morceau, "Come, come, old boy, a song or it's all day with you." The hint was enough, and scrambling up, upon the table, Bartus threw back his head, squared his shoulders, drew in his paunch, opened his mouth, and sung at or bawled at the top of his lungs, the following catch :

The devils and saints were a walking one night,
When a saint met an imp on the way,
Says the saint to the imp, ha, halloo, Mr. Wight,

So you're out for a frolick and play.

Sing Tol de rol, Fol de rol, Tiddle dol day.

The devil pulled forth from his pocket a mug,

Which he gave to his Saintship to hold,

Then forth from the other he drew a black jug

All covered with brimstone and gold.

Sing Tol de rol, Fol de rol, Tiddle dol day.

Says he I will drink to your Saintship's good eyes,

Which are brighter by far than the day,

The liquor he poured flashed a flame to the skies.

And his Impship flew laughing away.

Sing Tol de rol, Fol de rol, Tiddle dol day.

"Huzzah," shouted the men, "pretty well sung, pretty well sung for a member of the Dutch Reformed, a right good and a merry song."

The valorous Hoofd Schout, elated with his success and beginning to warm with the liquor, shouted too, as loudly as the men, and would fain have given another specimen of his vocal powers, so well was he satisfied with his first performance, had not his second attempt been cut off at the first line, by his auditors, who having suffered sufficiently, now pulled him down, and insisted that he should join them at some game which they had been playing. The little magistrate was soon "hale fellow, well met," and as deep in the game as the most skilful among them. The coin and half-pence which he had so inconsiderately displayed to Jacques, within the city walls, were soon staked on the table and lost. His watch, (the old English bull's-eye,) went next and the whole of the burgher's little capital was fairly divided among the seamen. At length satisfied with

their sport, they "doused the glim" and left the hut, leading with them the sheriff. Him they tumbled into their boat notwithstanding all remonstrances, and following him themselves, shoved out, and dropped down the stream. A half-hour of steady pulling elapsed and the Hoofd Schout found himself alongside of a brigantine, aboard of which he was forced to clamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE left La Vincent about retiring, puzzled with the enigma, whether duty on the one side, or love and honour on the other, should prevail. The reader has seen how sophistry lent the young man her kind assistance to extricate him from the dilemma, and if he has thus far waded through these pages, he will now see what chance did to aid him.

La Vincent retired, that night, a happy man. He had seen Elvellynne, and all that was unpleasant had been explained away. It is true that the cloud of mystery had not yet lifted, but what did he care for that, he had seen his heart's idol, and it was enough for him to know that she was yet his, and in safety. As for the uncertainty which seemed to bind the Admiral to her and throw a veil over him, La Vincent cared not for that, knowing that time would dispel the mist, and once more every

thing would beam with a gladdening ray, the more bright from its momentary obscurity. He fell asleep, thinking of Elvellynne De Montford, and his dreams, we have no doubt, were pleasant, very pleasant!

Be that as it may, his sleep was ere long disturbed, and as the first grey streaks of approaching day were clambering up the eastern sky, his drowsy ear was attracted by an unusual sound. He listened, and became assured that he heard a scuffle on deck. Jumping from his berth, and donning his garments in haste, he ran to the deck, where his suspicions were at once confirmed.

The officer of the watch was contending, hand to hand, with a tall, powerful-looking man, while a gang of an hundred assailants were very busily engaged, securing the watch on deck. With the speed of thought, La Vincent jumped to the drum and beat the alarm, then seizing a cutlass he rushed aft, and with a blow struck down the tall man, with whom the officer was engaged. The men now came tumbling up from below, armed ready for a contest, and the assailants making directly at them, the contest soon became general. After striking down the tall man, La Vincent had time to look around him.

All about the Greyhound, where, on the evening previous, when he returned from the Brigantine, there had been no sign of animated life, nothing, save the peaceful waters glittering in the moon-light, were now sailing small vessels. Two were at anchor, a cable's

length off, to which probably belonged the gang of assailants, while several were slipping along with an easy breeze, just ready to drop anchor, and he counted in the offing seven more white sails, glittering in the dying moonlight. He felt that his time for action was short, and must be improved ere the other vessels arrived and sent additional force.

His decks once cleared of the unexpected enemy, and the ship once more his own, he entertained no fear of being able to defend her until she could be put "under way," when he thought that there would be no difficulty in maintaining an equal contest. To attain this end he rallied his men, now hard pressed by the pirates, and putting himself at their head, made a furious attack upon the enemy, which failed to expel them; on the contrary, animated and encouraged by augmentations to their numbers continually pouring in from the coming vessels, the pirates succeeded in driving the young commander, with his men, to the after part of the vessel.

Much time had been consumed in the engagement, and the sun was now rising, displaying to La Vincent the ferocious-looking men with whom he had to deal, and what was worse, their very superior force, which entirely discouraged his crew. Boldly the young man rallied his drooping band, and endeavoured to animate them on to another charge, but the disheartened seamen resolutely kept their ground, satisfied with acting only upon the defensive. In this condition the two powers stood glaring

upon each other, with fierce looks of hatred, neither willing to make an onset which they knew must be attended with much bloodshed, when the pirates hit upon an expedient which would soon have terminated the contest, had not an unexpected power appeared, and put an end to the 'fray.

The leader of the pirates, a short, thick-set, wicked-looking devil, calling a few of his men, wheeled into the gang-way the two long guns from under the forecastle, and pointed them directly aft. These were soon crammed half-full of nails, broken bottles, and other kinds of laugrage, primed ready for discharge, and a man stationed at each with a ready match. So soon as these preparations were effected, the leader stepped forward, and summoned La Vincent to surrender his ship or he would blow both him and his men to hell! It was a trying moment for the young Briton. His crew were gathered around him like a flock of hurt ducks, and he read in the countenances of all, dismay and surrender.

The pirates had so well planned their attack that, before the officer of the watch had been aware, they were tumbling aboard, over the rail, in every direction. The suddenness of the attack, great numbers of the assailants, and their unparalleled ferocity, had disheartened the men, and it was with feelings of regret, vexation, and despair, that La Vincent heard them sullenly murmuring, "Surrender, surrender, and save lives." The two long guns were resting within a few feet of his men and him-

self, and the two desperadoes standing by them were carelessly blowing their matches, a spark from which might have hurried them into eternity, and seemed desirous to hear the awful mandate from their leader, "to fire." "Surrender, surrender," cried the pirate leader, or by God and the saints I'll send you to the other world, without shrift or prayer." "Never!" answered La Vincent, "never, villain! will I give up my ship to you or your bloody crew, till you take her. You may do the cruel deed, which will ensure you a hell hereafter, but if you are a man," cried the young Englishman, advancing forwards, "you will meet me in fair battle, single handed, to prove your right to such a claim." "Back, back," cried the pirate, fearing that the commander's crew would follow him, "back, back I say, or I will give the word."

Constrained by so horrible a threat, and feeling only for his men, the young man moved back to his former station, while the pirate continued,—

"Ha! ha! do you think, when I have you all under my thumb, and your ship under my command, that I am fool enough to venture a personal combat, which can result in no good other than to gratify personal vanity. Did you offer to Harris the chance of a trial at single strife? No, no. I have you snug, and will keep you there; and now, sir Englishman, do you surrender? I give you three minutes," continued the pirate, taking out his watch, "to consider; and if you are stubborn, to make

your peace with that God, before whom you will as certainly appear at the expiration of that time, as that my name is Tom Swifter. "Stand by your guns there, men! blow your matches; for there must be no bungling in this business, and be ready to fire when I give the word."

The pirate stood, watch in hand, confronting La Vincent; and as one minute had elapsed, he cried, "One minute gone! Do you surrender?" The young man was silent. "Two minutes gone!" again cried the chief, watching the movements of the seconds. "Do you conclude? Make up your mind quickly."

It was a horrible suspense. La Vincent did not fear to meet death; but he dreaded to think how many innocent men were with him standing upon the brink of a dark, mysterious futurity. He thought too, in that moment of suspense, of Elvellynne De Montford; and a thousand tender recollections,—ay, the whole past, came rushing upon him with the startling distinctness of reality, scene after scene swelling into relief, and flitting by him as if to mock his situation. He thought of his evening's visit to the brigantine, where all difficulties had been so happily explained away; and the very thought maddened him.

"Stand by your guns! blow your matches!" cried the pirate, turning to his men as the allotted time was nearly elapsed; then turning again to La Vincent, he repeated his summons to surrender.

"Never! never!" shouted the young man,

maddened by his reflections; and springing forwards, he discharged a pistol, which killed one of the two men at the guns, and rushed at the pirate with his drawn sword.

"Fire!" shouted the pirate leader, "fire!"

"Hold! hold!" cried a voice of thunder, which arrested all motion, and held both parties mute, with such fierceness and power was the counter-order uttered, and all turned in the direction of the speaker. It was Admiral Lowe, armed to the teeth.

Frustrated in his design, the pirate jumped to a gun, seized a match, and would have applied it to the vent, had not the Admiral at that moment deliberately drawn from his belt a pistol, and shot him through the head.

"Huzza for the Admiral! the Admiral for ever!" shouted the pirate gang, awed into this display of loyalty and obedience by his fierce and determined demeanour.

The Admiral stepped forwards, and ordered the dead man removed; then turning to the pirates, said, "You have all seen a sudden display of retributive justice. Did I not well, men? He disobeyed the law, and for that I shot him; and should have done so had the matter pending, instead of fifty brave fellows' lives, been a straw. Did I not right, men?" asked the old man, turning fiercely to the awed pirates, and yet holding in his grasp the weapon of death, still smoking.

"Aye, well!" shouted the men; "he disobeyed, and deserved his fate. Huzza for the Admiral!"

La Vincent could not help admiring the boldness of spirit which had suggested and effected this summary act of justice, and thought to himself that the old man, who thus with impunity could inflict death upon his subjects, was not only an Admiral, but truly an autocrat. It was thus, and thus only, that he could keep in subjection the wild and insubordinate spirits which he commanded, and retain that stern superiority or sovereignty which, when elected to the station of Admiral, with power to form a code of laws, he had wisely arrogated to himself. It was the violation of one of these laws which had caused the death of the infringer; and that law every man in the whole fleet had sanctioned. There could then be no grumbling at the old man's summary proceeding, which was nothing more than carrying into effect that law which constituted him sole arbiter, and gave into his hands the power of life and death.

Having exacted from his men the above homage, the old man sternly demanded why and upon whose authority the attack upon the Greyhound had been made without his knowledge. The abashed seamen answered, that it was under Will Swifter's advice and direction that the excursion had been planned, and they had all joined him for the purpose of destroying a vessel which had given them so much fear, and made so many prizes of their smaller craft.

After a short lecture of admonition to undertake nothing for the future of so much moment

without first consulting him, the Admiral bade them all betake themselves to their several vessels, and sail for the rendezvous, where in a few days he would meet them, for the purpose of dividing certain spoil which had fortunately fallen into his hands.

With a loud shout the pirates jumped into their boats alongside, and returned to their own vessels, and in an hour more the bay was perfectly tranquil, with not a sail in sight, nor a vestige left to mark what had so lately been a scene of violence.

We left the Hoofd Schout just clambering aboard the brigantine. Once fairly aboard, the magistrate was politely ushered aft by Jacques, and into the cabin, where at a small table covered with books sat the Admiral reading. Disturbed by their entrance, he looked up from his occupation, and seeing who his visitor was, at once laid down his book and accosted him.

"Ah, Mynheer Spcoturken, I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since the day I met you on Bridden's bridge. Has the Evil Spirit troubled you since?"

"Please your Worship, Admiral," interposed Jacques, "the spirit has been at work again; and I had almost a mind to knock the lubber on the head for his brags at the dame's this evening."

Here Jacques related to the Admiral the Schout's conversation at the Dame's, which had been so inopportunistically interrupted by the entrance of the urchin who had witnessed the

whole proceedings at the bridge, between him and the traveller, and who Bartus, thinking might have taken a very different view of the subject, determined to avoid, but in so doing, to use an old and not very comely adage, "fell out of the frying-pan into the fire." "Hah," said the Admiral, rising and seizing a riding-whip which lay near, "is the spirit such an obstinate one that he requires a second application of the unpleasant remedy, but come hither, Mynheer Schout, and I warrant me that this second dose shall be so effectual, as to rid you for ever of this troublesome malady, aye, and even extend its influence to half the old women in Nieuw Orange."

The Schout not having yet forgotten how vigorously the traveller had plied the birch at their last interview, and dreading a repetition of the same, fell on his knees and began to blubber, at the same time imploring in a very pathetic tone of voice, for mercy. "Ah, friend Schout," replied the Admiral, shaking his head doubtfully, "it is a foul disease, a dangerous malady, and one that requires both harsh and instantaneous treatment, and it were both pity and shame that so valuable an officer as yourself should be lost to the good city, through a malady of this kind, for which there is a competent physician, and active medicine; besides, with such a regard for thee as I have, how can I endure to see thee the sport of the foul fiend when I have the means of allaying him, and a little exertion on my part will restore to full health and vigour, an old and valued

friend. No, no, friend Spooturken, it would be no mercy, it would be cruelty to grant what you crave, and so I will e'en proceed to administer to thee a second dose of this secret medicine, whose reputation was never yet known to fail in effecting a perfect cure." Saying which, the Admiral seized the demon-possessed patient, and commenced that course of medicine which he had just been lauding. How far this might have gone is uncertain, but as the Schout commenced his music to dance to, Elvellynne De Montford, as we still continue to call her, entered the apartment. Mynheer Bartus, who had a great reverence for all womankind, probably instilled into him by the frequent lectures of his better half, which, to say the truth, were not always confined to theory solely, as the good burgher's shoulders might have attested to, stretched his appealing hands to the maiden for her intercession in his behalf, and not in vain, for on Elvellynne's application to the physician, he was released. "I thank thee, maiden, verily, from the bottom of my heart, and will always remember thee with kindness," said Bartus, turning to leave the apartment. "Hold, hold, Mynheer Spooturken," cried the Admiral, "I have somewhat to do with thee, sit ye down and answer my questions. How much family have you?" "Mein vrouew and one child," returned the perturbed questionee, not knowing what was to be the event of this strange interrogation, and probably not at the moment reflecting that it was very natural for a man who had ex-

pressed such a warm regard for himself, as the Admiral had done, to feel some interest in all pertaining to him. "And these," asked the Admiral, "are all you have to support." "Yes," replied the burgher, "and more than one man can well take care of in these hard times."

"How much property have you?" asked the Admiral. Mynheer Spooturken's dull faculties now began to see the drift of the matter, and fearing for his substance, he rashly answered, "None, sir Admiral, not a stiver other than comes from my profession, and that hardly yields me a comfortable subsistence."

Now the fact was, and the Admiral well knew it, that the Hoofd Schout was possessed of a very handsome little patrimony, besides a large sum that more than supported him, which he ground out of his fellow-citizens, in the shape of fees from the common council. The Admiral also knew the parsimonious habits of the burgher, who hardly allowed his little family the means to hold together body and soul, while he himself was almost a nightly frequenter of Dame Bonny's tap-room, swilling away her far-famed hollands, and squandering in debauchery and dissipation, that which, if rightly appropriated, would have yielded his wife and child a very comfortable and easy subsistence, relieving them from that state of misery in which they really were living. "What, nothing say you?" asked his interrogator. "Aye, nothing, sir Admiral," despondingly replied the magistrate, "it is even as I

say. "How then," asked the admiral, in a stern voice, which made the poor dignitary quake for very fear, "how then is it, sirrah, that you are so unremitting an attendant at Mistress Bonny's every evening, partaking of the best, and swaggering with the loudest roysterers, while you wash down lie upon lie, with costly hollands. How is it, answer me?" The Schout began to make sundry excuses for this incongruity, and said that it was not of his own mind, that he never should have frequented the Dame's for liquor, which cost him a "good penny," had it not been in accordance with the views of his physician, who advised him to drink plenty of generous liquors, and frequent some place where mirth was going on, as being the best and only remedy for depressed spirits, with which he was troubled.

Now this was an arrant lie, and the Admiral well knew it to be such, but proceeded with the conversation. "Did you ever see a healthier-looking man than myself?" "No," replied the Schout. "Well, then," continued the Admiral, "I will tell you how it was brought about, and how you may become the same. I too, was once in early youth affected with hypochondria and other maladies, which troubled me much; to remove these, I began to take plenty of exercise and live moderately, the consequence of which, was a speedy restoration to health; but first I had to abandon all 'generous liquors,' which your physician advocates, and drink nothing but water, which I have done to this day, and have found that it

not only restored the health of my body, but of my pocket also. Do you so also, and you shall have the warrant of Ephraim Lowe, that you become a better and happier man. Now touching the poverty of which you speak, it is a bad ailment also, and something akin to the disease of the evil spirit, but I warrant me that means can be found to make you aware of the possession of something, which would, no doubt, make you somewhat happier than to be a poverty-stricken man." "Aye, forsooth, would it," answered the unconscious Schout.

The Admiral stepped to the table, whereupon stood writing implements, and drew up two papers, which he presented to Bartus to sign. The first paper ran thus,—

"I, Bartus Spooturken, do here solemnly promise to Ephraim Lowe, upon pain of his displeasure, to abstain from all liquors for the space of one year; and during the said time herein mentioned, to put myself to the bodily exercise of walking five good English miles per diem before eating.

"Given under my hand and seal this ——— day of ——— in the year of our Lord, 1673.

(Signed) "Bartus Spooturken."

This paper the good man read over, and would have made some remonstrance with the Admiral, but a single glance at the riding-whip in the corner, at once silenced him, and without farther demur he affixed his name to the

document, a duplicate of which was handed to him, while the original the Admiral locked up in his desk. The other paper was of an entirely different nature, as the reader may perceive for himself, as we fortunately have the original document at hand, and will transcribe it verbatim et literatum. It ran thus,—

“On board the Brigantine Merry Christmas,
“20th day of ———, 1673.

“To His Excellency the Governor,

“My dear sir,

“I am now in the hands of Admiral Lowe, as you will see by the above. He demands for me the following sums as ransom money, which he says must be paid, or the city of Nieuw Orange will lose its Hoofd Schout, as, on the failing of the following payments, he will hang by the neck your obedient servant, who has no relish for that kind of pastime. The sums are as follows :

For bragging too much	500 ducats.
For telling one huge lie	1000 do.
For Admiral Lowe's trouble in giving me one good severe thrashing	500 do.
For bodily ransom	1 stiver.

Sum total 2000 ducats and 1 stiver.

“The above must be sent by the bearer, else your humble servant soon will dance without a floor.

“Signed, Your humble servant,

“Bartus Spooturken, Hoofd Schout.”

The burgher protested stoutly against this last document, but finding remonstrance to be a coin not marketable with his captor, he was constrained to affix his name also to this with as good grace as he could muster.

"And now, sir burgher," said the Admiral, ringing a bell, "you shall be treated as a gentleman prisoner, until such time as the ransom money comes off, when you will be dismissed in peace; but remember your stipulation concerning the abstinence and exercise, and so, Mynheer, I wish you a good-night. Here, Martinez, show this gentleman his apartments."

Early the following morning, Admiral Lowe was astir and giving directions to Paulus Spleutcher, (who was to be the bearer of the above document) concerning his mission and interview with the Governor, and it was while thus employed that his ears were astounded by the sound of strife in the direction of the Greyhound. Hastening Paul's departure, the Admiral jumped into a boat, and on rounding the headland, which had intercepted his view, saw fourteen of his own vessels skimming about the cruiser. He was much astonished at the sight, for it was not customary that any expedition of moment should be set afoot without first consulting with him, and this was the first intelligence he had received of the proximity of so many of the vessels belonging to his fleet, which he had supposed until now safely anchored at the rendezvous. With the assistance of a small pocket-glass, the Admiral

was able to discern commotion on board the cruizer, and several boats plying to and fro between the Greyhound and the vessels which he recognised as sailing under his flag.

The Admiral was well aware of the rancorous enmity entertained by all the pirates against this vessel of the king's, and at once inferred that the present object of their expedition was to surprise and destroy her at her anchorage. With the view of preventing bloodshed and saving La Vincent, the old man ordered his men to bend to their oars, and reached the cruiser at that critical moment, when a word saved everything, save him who disobeyed the command, and he, as we have seen, suffered the penalty of insubordination, and paid the forfeit with his life.

It may easily be conceived, that if La Vincent felt bound to the Admiral before, that bond was now in no way weakened. Again and again he thanked the old man for his timely aid, and in the fulness of his heart begged him to abandon his dangerous course of life, break all connection with the pirates, and seek from the king that mercy which he felt assured would be granted him; at the same time the young man promised all the influence of his family, (which was not small) not only to obtain for him a pardon, but also a commission, giving to him the command of a vessel of war. These were no small inducements to an outlawed man, as La Vincent well knew, and his surprise was great when, mildly, but firmly, the old man declined accepting the tempting offer,

at the same time declaring that he would not accept from so imbecile a monarch the very first rank in the kingdom. He also explained to La Vincent his system of government and severe discipline over his lawless subjects, which convinced the young man that his offers were no inducement whatever to a man who really possessed more power than the king himself, and could, at his pleasure, (as he himself had witnessed,) take with impunity the life of any offender.

"But come, young man, lay aside all pity for one whom you yourself acknowledge to be more truly despotical than the very greatest monarch, and I in return will make you an offer. Will you return with me to the brigantine and see Elvellynne? I am about going to the rendezvous to meet those rash spirits who made you so unceremonious a visit this morning, and shall be absent with the brig a few days. It is the more necessary that I should be present with them at this time, as it is necessary always to strike while the iron is hot if we would mould the material to our purpose. You saw the summary proceeding effected by my hand but a few hours since, and heard the shouts of applause sanctioning the deed. I have been too long a diplomatist to trust appearances. Those appearances were false; and the very shouts of applause will ere long, unless my presence curbs them, be converted into the howls of disaffection. I have now a very considerable sum, and this morning will bring me an addition to it. It is for the purpose of dis-

tributing this sum that I would be with these men, as well as by salutary discipline to curb any feelings of revolt which may arise. This, with the assistance of the booty, which will all be theirs, is a very easy task."

"There young man, you see some of the policy of my administration," concluded the Admiral smiling, "and if you wish to see Elvellynne before I sail, you will accompany me." La Vincent eagerly accepted the invitation, and with the Admiral shortly entered the boat, and pulled for the Brigantine. We will precede them a little, and take a view at what was actually going on there during the absence of the Admiral. The Hoofd Schout who, not well acquainted with his new resting-place, had not enjoyed as comfortable a night's rest as was his wont, was also early astir as well as the Admiral. He bethought him if there were no means of escape from his confinement without paying the sums demanded, but looking around and seeing how every thing was guarded, he relinquished the idea, and sat him down to await patiently the hour when the arrival of the ransom money would liberate him. While turning over the events of the few past hours, and thinking himself to be the sport of a wayward fortune, Mynheer Bartus was summoned by a messenger to attend upon Elvellynne De Montford, who wished to speak with him. Not knowing what new turn in his fate this proceeding might portend the burly magistrate followed the messenger, and was conducted into the same

cabin where the last evening he had been so near partaking a second dose of the Admiral's restorative, and where too, he had been exempted from the unpleasant process, at the intercession of the merciful maiden. At the same table upon which had been executed the two odious documents which he had so unwillingly signed, sat the maiden. It was now several days since she had so suddenly and unceremoniously left her guardian's roof; and being really attached to the good Alderman, and reflecting that it was her duty to give him some information, she had written the following letter, to deliver which was her present object in summoning the Hoofd Schout. The letter ran thus:—

“My dear uncle,—(for she always called the Alderman her uncle.) You were doubtless surprised at my leaving your dwelling so suddenly, without giving you, who have ever been as a father to me, any information of my intention. I can assure you, my dear guardian, that I should not have done so, had I myself any previous knowledge of my unexpected departure. You certainly, if any one on earth, was entitled to the confidence of one who has ever partaken of your fatherly kindness and indulgence. But the events of chance were not at my control, and ere I was aware, I was borne from your hospitable mansion to be enlisted in a cause for which I am sure you will not blame me, *the cause of love*. You well remember that neither your intercession nor mine could at all move the governor in his de-

cision concerning one who was dear to you as well as myself. From the council chamber I returned home with a heavy heart, and retired to the privacy of the little chamber, which you so kindly granted me as mine, to pore over the events of the day, and cast about me for some means of relief. I bethought me of going myself to the governor in person, and interceding for mercy in behalf of the prisoner, but farther deliberation deterred me. After exhausting all my feeble invention for some practicable resource in vain, I at length gave way to feelings of sadness, which entirely overcame me, and while in that state I was transported from the little room to Dame Bonny's in the Here-Graft, by some unknown person, whom I afterwards found out to be no less a personage than (startle not at the name) Ephraim Lowe. Admiral Lowe told me that Charles would certainly be executed unless we could find the means to extricate him from confinement, for which purpose he had enlisted me. I will not here weary you with the detail of the subsequent escape, suffice it to say, that the good Admiral made known to me his plans, and that night principally through his means the escape was effected. But now, my dear uncle, I come to a mystery which I am forbid at present revealing even to you, yet trust your affectionate Elvellynne when she tells you she is happy. Admiral Lowe was acquainted with my lineage, and as a proof of it, presented to me a fac-simile of the little miniature which I have always worn, and which,

until he showed me a secret spring that disclosed it, I had never before been conscious of. I am intimately connected with this much dreaded, and much misrepresented man, on board whose vessel I now am, and for the present shall remain. You need not entertain any fears, my dearest uncle, for your Elvellynne, for she is happy, perfectly happy, and enjoys frequently a visit from Captain La Vincent, whose vessel is anchored not far off. I would ask you to visit me, but suppose that prejudice against the Admiral will prevent. It will afford you doubtless no less pleasure than it did me to learn that your little orphaned protégé is the daughter of Lord Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the man whose misfortunes we have often together so much deplored."

"But virtue will furnish its own reward, and how is it possible that we could ever have looked for a due appreciation of virtue in a court so basely profligate as that of Charles, where vice sways the sceptre, and virtue is unknown. You will at once ask where is my father now, since his banishment from that fallen kingdom, which he so long endeavoured in vain to sustain. I answer you, that it is generally supposed he is living at Rouen, but that I know better his place of residence. I would write more, but time presses, and I will only add, my dear uncle, that you must not place reliance upon vague rumour, and believe all the incredulous stories we used to hear about Admiral Lowe, for he is indeed a kind

and good man, and you will one day learn to love and revere him.

“Adieu, and believe me to be ever,

Your affectionate ward,

ELVELLYNNNE DE MONTFORD.”

Having concluded the above epistle, the maiden rose, and advancing to the Hoofd Schout, asked him if he knew Aldermen Van Brooter. Receiving an affirmative answer, she gave him the letter, at the same desiring him to deliver it, and receive her thanks.

The Schout happened to know that the Admiral was absent from the brigantine, and thinking this to be a fine opportunity of speaking without fear of interruption, he commenced.

“Yes, indeed, young lady, I’ll deliver the letter for your kindness in freeing me from that dreadful man’s hands last evening, but think you there is no way, no possible means of my extrication from confinement, without paying this enormous sum? Let me see,” continued Bartus, making a rough estimate on his fingers of the amount, “for—for—for—well I’ve really forgotten, but there was one item of account, five hundred ducats, that’s five hundred,” said he, placing the fore finger of his right hand very knowingly upon the fore finger of his left, and looking down very wisely to collect the other items, which he knew very well all the time, but was not willing that the maiden should know how little was the price demanded for his person, wishing to impress her with his importance, by the great sum set upon him,

"then there's, there's, let me see, oh, ah, there's ransom demanded for my person, Bartus Spooturken, Hoofd Schout of the city of Nieuw Orange, one thousand ducats, that's one thousand more," continued he, proceeding on to another finger, "then, then, there's another item, I'm pretty sure of five hundred more, what the plague was it? it must have been for ransom too; oh, aye, aye, that's it, ransom money, a postponed item, five hundred ducats, that's five hundred more," (another finger,) "And then," (cried Elvellynne, laughing at the burgher's little artifice, which she perfectly understood,) "then there's one item more, one stiver making one stiver," added she, assuming the burgher's meditative mood and manner of computation, "what is that for, Mynheer Spooturken." Mynheer Bartus looked up to discover by the maiden's looks whether she really knew or whether it was a hap-hazard remark, and reading in her merry laughing eyes, that she was well acquainted with the document and items, and that his game was up, he gave up the computation and struck at once upon his main subject. "It is a round sum," said he, "if one of the items were even for the devil's smoking tobacco, and bethink you, is there no way that will rid me of this payment." "None," returned Elvellynne, "if you would avoid a horrible death and again be free." "Saint Nicholas," groaned the miserly Schout, "it is a mighty sum, two thousand ducats, and then there is my bulls-eye watch, worth, let me see, I first paid Hans Slouter,

the silver-smidt, two ducats and one stiver for it, and for various repairs since, three stivers, that is, one and three is four, and two ducats, two ducats and four stivers; then there is my half-pence which the beggarly sailors extorted from me last night at the hut, oh, oh, such a sum in all."

Here Paul Spleutcher entered the cabin, bearing sundry bags of coin, which he deposited upon the table and withdrew so soon as the Admiral entered, which he did a moment after. "Hold, hold, let me stay!" (cried Bartus, as Paul was leading him forth,) "let me stay, and see them counted, there may be one more than the tally, let me stay, I say," and bursting from Paulus, he rolled his chubby little figure into the presence of the Admiral, who stood laughing heartily at this display of miserly spirit. "Well, come, Mynheer," cried the Admiral, humouring him, "sit down and count them over carefully, and if there be one too many, honest Paul shall have it for his trouble, and if there be one wanting, you shall e'en repay it threefold." The Schout now wished that he had let the matter rest, but muttering to himself, "Needs must go when the devil drives," he sat him down on the cabin deck as directed, with the bags before him, commenced his weary task. At length it was finished, and the number found to be exactly correct. Mynheer Spooturken was taken to the deck and sent on shore, having received a good lesson to amend his ways.

We will not weary the reader with the detail

of the meeting and parting between the two lovers, suffice it to say, that they did meet and did part, and that scarcely was La Vincent once more on board his own vessel when the Merry Christmas was gliding down the bay under a press of sail. With a feeling of despondency, the young man watched the little brig, till her last sail had disappeared below the horizon and then descended to his cabin. He found the cabin lonely, or deemed it so, and returned "on déck." The deck too was unpleasant, and for once he began to think that the fault was in the anchorage, he had never thought so while Elvellynne was near. Accordingly the sloop was put under weigh, and stood out to sea for a cruise, where, for the present, we shall leave her.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE days after her departure, the "Merry Christmas" was again at anchor in the little island-bound bay. The Greyhound, also, after a short cruise, returned to her former anchorage, and the old routine of visiting and being visited, was resumed by the two vessels. Occasionally, indeed, the Admiral would make a trip to the rendezvous, and La Vincent, when conscience whispered him, "duty, duty," would be all vigour and animation, putting to sea for

a cruise, but the expiration of three weeks would always find him snug at the anchorage, when the old Admiral would indulge in a little badinerie at his expense, and Elvellynne herself, first playfully blame, and then laugh at him. Time thus sped on with rapid wing, and a year since the opening of these pages glided imperceptibly away. The brig was lying in the little bay, having just returned from one of the above-mentioned trips, to the rendezvous, and the Greyhound had not yet returned from a cruise which she had commenced some ten days since. It was that lovely season of the year, when, as a maiden from a ball, gay nature began to doff the brighter garments in which she had revelled through the summer hours, and the sear leaf floating by the wayfarer on the yet warm breathing breeze, admonishing him, that to every thing there is a *fall*. Still it was a time when things were lovely.

The playful southerly breeze began to hold with her more rude relative a gentle strife and murmur in the forest bough, that her territory was encroached upon.

It was on a bright morning when every thing seemed to sympathize with decaying nature, that as the mist gradually dispersed before the rising sun, two figures were slowly winding along beneath the trees, up the little acclivity which leads to the summit of Nutting Island, now Governor's Island.

Nutting island, in the year 1674, was a wild, uninhabited, beautiful island, rising (as it were)

timidly from the surface of the peaceful waters, and having its summit covered with innumerable hickory trees, which afforded to the youths and maidens at this season of the year, a pleasant and profitable employment.

During the pleasanter months of summer, the island was a favourite retreat for those who dared to make the perilous passage across the waters, and its surface was marked with many diverging paths, each one leading to some rustic bower, or favourite nut-tree. It was now the season for nuts, which might account for the presence of the two individuals, and indeed the maiden seemed busily gathering of nature's stores, which she would occasionally deposit in a basket carried by her companion, a rather elderly, but fine-looking man. The maiden was in the first blush of youth, and might have attained to eighteen summers. Her dress was of the richest material as was that of her companion, and such as was worn by only the wealthiest and oldest families. The path which they were traversing, led from the crossing-pole (which stretched across Butter-milk channel,) quite to the summit of the land. Near by the pole, was a small party of men "getting out timber," and discussing the matters which had so lately agitated the colony. The path which has been designated as leading from the pole to the crown of the island, terminated in an open plot of grass, free from trees, and hallowed in the memory of many, as the Trysting Place. It was about midway between the crossing-pole and Trysting Place,

that our couple was startled by the quick, sharp report of a heavy gun, and a moment afterwards, a thirty-two pound shot whirr'd by, skipping along among the branches cutting off boughs and twigs, till its progress was arrested by the trunk of a stubborn old oak, in which it remained nearly buried. "Ha!" (said the old man, on examining the shot and discovering a stamp of the king's crown,) "there's game afloat, let us on my child and see what it betokens." Taking the maiden's hand, he hastened forward to the Trysting Place, whence there was a good view seaward. Arrived at this point, both involuntarily stopped to witness what was going on before them. A small sloop of war with English colours, was manœuvring to escape from two heavy Dutch frigates, which had chased her in, and were now driving her towards the land, where there was no possibility of escape. The little sloop however, nothing daunted, was beating up with the hope of weathering the island to the northward, and so running up the harbour through Salt (or East) river, through that intricate passage so little known at that period, and so formidable to mariners, as to have received the name of "Hell Gadt." If she could have effected this manœuvre, escape would have been no difficult matter, but at the critical moment, when the sloop was heading half a point higher than the land, the breeze shifted a point and thus cut her off altogether. As she fell off, however, the commander gallantly poured a broadside into the nearest frigate, which cut

away the fore-top-gallant-mast, and elicited from his brave English tars, a good hearty cheer. "Bravely done, young man, bravely done," ejaculated the old man, pleased with his display of daring, and entering as warmly into the spirit of the scene, as if he himself had been a participator. The frigates were now closing rapidly upon the little vessel, and her destruction seemed inevitable, when, with a word of admonition to his daughter, to meet him at the crossing-pole, the old man rushed down towards the beach. "Father, father," cried the maiden, "my dear father, is it, is it the Greyhound?" The old man stopped a minute, arrested by the voice of his child, and simply replied, "it is, but she is safe." "Thank God, then," faintly ejaculated the girl, and betook herself to the pathway, placing implicit reliance upon her father's affirmation. A few steps brought the old man to the beach, and within hail of the little sloop, where raising his hands to his mouth, he shouted, "Eh, oh! The Greyhound, ahoy!" "Hallo, who hails," was returned from the sloop, in the well-known voice of her commander. "To the channel, to the channel," shouted the old man, "there's water enough to carry you through, and I will see the pole clear." The sloop fell off, the yards were trimmed, and once more the Greyhound was dashing on under full sail in the direction of the Buttermilk channel. The old man having waited to see if his advice was taken, now turned in an easterly direction and strode rapidly on. The frigates thinking that

their prey was only running farther into the net, crowded on sail and gave chase. The Greyhound stood gallantly on, receiving the fire of the frigates' bow guns, and as punctually returning the same coin. The old man watched every motion of the three vessels, with an attentive eye and an interest apparently not exceeded by that of the maiden who stood at a little distance, with clasped hands, and eyes rivetted upon the gallant sloop. As the English cruiser ranged along, the old man hailed her, to keep the middle channel, and seizing an axe from one of the workmen, who was listlessly gazing upon the scene, he jumped upon the crossing pole, and with a few sturdy strokes, which were so powerfully dealt, as to excite the admiration of even the timber cutters, severed the log, which fell heavily into the water and was borne onward by the swift flood-tide. The Greyhound dashed through, brushing the marsh-grass on either side, and as she passed, La Vincent interchanged compliments with Admiral Lowe, and touched his cap with reverence to Elvellynne, who stood at too great a distance for speech. The Admiral stood with the axe in his hand, watching the sloop as she slipped up the bay, and had fairly forgotten the presence of the two frigates till aroused by Elvellynne. "See, father, see," (said she, laying her hand timidly on his arm and looking in the direction of the nearest frigate,) "they send a boat with armed men, can they mean you harm?"

The Admiral turned, and seeing the frigate's boat approaching, answered,

"Indeed, my child, these Dutchmen are not inclined to see the game which they had at bay, thus rescued from their hands, and I believe me that it is time we should move," so saying, he led the way to a little copse hard by, which, at first glance, seemed impenetrable, but under which, really, was an inlet of water. Beneath this copse was secreted a light shallop, into which the Admiral handed Elvellynne, and then stepped forth to reconnoitre.

The advancing party, composed of four marines and the boat's crew, under a lieutenant, had already landed, and was but a short distance from the copse, when the Admiral stepped out, and, seeing him, the officer led on his men with a quicker step. The Admiral, perceiving at once that no time was to be lost, stepped into the boat, and shoved out from the coppice. Immediately on seeing this, the officer led back his men to the boat, and commenced a pursuit.

The frigates had separated, the one to which the boat belonged "lying by," at a little distance, while the other had hauled off, and was beating round the island. The pursuit, for a few moments, was very keen, but the Admiral had the advantage of a light boat and smooth water, and, consequently, gained on the pursuers.

He had reached half way between the two islands, and was every moment shooting farther and farther beyond the chase, and Elvel-

lynne began to look upon escape as certain, when a shot from the pursuing boat struck the old man in the right arm, passing through the arm into his side. The oar fell from his powerless grasp, and for a moment he reeled, but gathering strength, regained his seat and sat erect!

"My father! oh! father, are you hurt?" cried Elvellynne, in a voice of agony, starting forwards, and placing her hands on the old man's shoulder.

"Poh, poh, my child," answered Lowe, not willing that his daughter should know the extent of the injury which he felt was mortal; "poh, no! only a flesh wound in the arm, which I shall soon recover."

Satisfied with this assurance, though somewhat alarmed at the profuse flow of blood from the wound, and the momentary paleness which overspread her sire's face, the maiden began to cast about her for some means, offering a prospect of escape; and, in her anxiety, tendered to the old man her feeble assistance, at the same time seizing an oar. He smiled faintly at her ardour, and pointed over her shoulder to the soldiers, already stepping aboard of frail fabric.

"Save him, oh! spare him, he is my father!" cried Elvellynne, imploring the officer who commanded the boat.

"Duty, fair lady," replied the officer, politely and kindly, "I regret that duty impels me to this unpleasant necessity: could I accede to your request, I would."

"Oh, God!" muttered Elvellynne, and with clasped hands, sank down in the boat.

"Let the man who fired that shot, stand forth!" said the Admiral, in a husky voice, but in a tone so deep, determined, and fierce, that it startled even the lifeless girl from her despair.

"Let him stand forth, I say!" repeated the old man, with difficulty raising himself with one hand, while the effort made the red stream of life gush, bubbling from his side. The marine, under some secret influence, stepped forward.

"Traitor!" said the Admiral, as he recognized one who had ever partaken of his kindness, and whose life he had once saved at the hazard of his own:—"Traitor, base and false, take thy doom!" and, with a pistol which he drew from his bosom, the old man sent the betrayer to his last account. As the false soldier fell, he gasped with his last breath:—

"He is, he is, the Earl of Clarendon! the pi—pi—pirate Lowe!" and expired.

"Ay, truly enough," bitterly exclaimed the old man, looking at the officer, who stood surprised, "the Earl of Clarendon, James Hyde, stands before you, and can expect, even from foreigners, more than from his own countrymen."

"But, but," muttered the officer in confusion,— "some, some mistake, here. I, I,"—

"No mistake, sir, whatever," returned the Admiral, languidly, and sinking back, "none; you see before you a man, who, driven

from his own country, has attempted to lead from murder and bloodshed, the lawless rovers of the ocean. I am Admiral Lowe! and you, young man, will have the reward for taking me.

Here the Admiral, faint from loss of blood, could say no more, and sank gently back, in which condition he, together with the lifeless form of Elvellynne was transferred to the frigate's boat, and thence to the city.

CHAPTER X.

It was soon noised throughout the gossiping little town that the far-famed pirate Lowe was at length taken, and through every mouth the story ran, with as many additions as each one chose to make, till every man, woman, and child was desirous to see the famous rover. The Governor had ordered the Admiral to be confined in the strong-hold within the fort, when he had been delivered up to the city authorities, not willing to trust so notorious a character in the cells of the Stadt Huys, from which it was well known that he had the year previous succeeded in the abduction of the Englishman.

Once more Elvellynne de Montford found shelter under the roof of her kind guardian, but with almost a broken heart. She had

been separated from the Admiral when delivered to the Governor, and all her entreaties to be allowed to remain with him were unavailing. In the extremity of her grief the maiden applied to the good alderman, disclosing every thing to him, the rank and station of the prisoner, and her connexion with him. The good man was as much grieved as surprised at her statement; and taking his hat and cane immediately sallied forth and betook himself to the Governor's, to whom he related the facts as he had heard them from the mouth of his ward. The Governor at once granted the alderman's petition, and with tears in his eyes, promised that the prisoner should be recommended to the home government for mercy, at the same time he informed alderman Von Brooter that this could the more readily be done, as a vessel had just arrived, bringing despatches which declared that hostilities between the two powers had ceased, and that the port was now open to all English vessels.

Overjoyed at his success and the kindness of the Governor, and wishing that his ward should partake of the intelligence, the good alderman hastened home to make it known to Elvellynne. As he turned into Princess-street, he thought he knew the figure on the trottoir before him, and hastened forwards. The figure turned in at the gate, and before the door was opened, the alderman stood by the side of La Vincent. They entered together, and proceeded to the little boudoir, where sat Elvellynne in the same chair which once before she had oc-

cupied with similar emotions of grief for her lover who now stood before her. The good alderman delayed a little till the first greeting was passed, and then entering, affectionately took the hand of the sorrow-stricken maiden, and told her she was at liberty to visit her father when and so often as she wished.

"Fáther! father!" exclaimed La Vincent in astonishment; "where is your father?" "In prison," faintly answered Elvellynne, and covering her face with her hands, sunk back in the seat overcome with tears. She had never yet told her lover farther than that she was the daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and consequently La Vincent was ignorant that Admiral Lowe and Lord Hyde was the same person. Too much overcome to make the disclosure herself, Elvellynne begged her kind guardian to tell him all, and if he could no longer look upon her as he had regarded her when the poor unknown Elvellynne de Montford, to absolve him from all obligations. The alderman beckoned the young officer aside, and informed him as Elvellynne had requested; but when he began to intimate that if he could not with the same feelings look upon the daughter of Admiral Lowe (or the Earl of Clarendon, as we shall now call him,) as he had upon Elvellynne de Montford, that she herself had authorized him to liberate him from all engagements, the young man abruptly turned from him, and clasped the weeping maiden in his arms. "Mine, and mine forever!" said he, and sealed the exclamation with a token of love.

Feeling himself to be now as much the child of the unfortunate Earl as Elvellynne herself, La Vincent listened with equal attention to the words of the alderman. He told Elvellynne that the Governor had readily consented to her visiting her father, and dwelt at some length and with strong hopes upon the Governor's proposition to recommend the prisoner to mercy. He consoled her as best he might with all the tenderness of a father, and then led her forth to the prison.

As they were leaving the house a messenger arrived from the Governor, breathless with haste, to tell Elvellynne that the Earl was suffering much from his wound, and wished to see her as soon as possible.

With this incentive they hastened on, and soon entered the fort. La Vincent led the trembling girl within the stronghold, where lay the Earl, supported on one hand by the faithful Paulus Spleutcher, and on the other by Governor Colve himself. The leech was administering some restorative to the dying man, and intimating with an ominous shake of the head, in reply to the Governor's question, that there was no longer any hope. The Earl faintly opened his eyes, and with a motion signified that he would be alone with his child. La Vincent would have withdrawn with the rest, but Lord Hyde slowly articulated his name, and he returned. They knelt by the old man—Elvellynne on one side, and La Vincent on the other. "My children," said he, in a weak, husky voice, "what is done must be done."

quickly. I am bound on a long passage," continued he, taking La Vincent's hand, "and should like to see the 'yards square by the lifts and braces' before I go. Young man, do you love my daughter as you did?" Affected by the scene, La Vincent could only find words to reply, "I do." "Then," continued the Earl, "let a man of God be called, for I would see my child provided with a protector before I die; and who so meet to claim that right as a husband?" The minister was called, and soon made his appearance. The Earl took the hand of Elvellynne, and gently laid it within that of La Vincent. "Take her, take her," said he, "as a dying bequest, and love her as she deserves to be loved. She has been a kind and affectionate child, and will be a good wife. Let the ceremony be performed, that I may die in peace."

The good minister was for a moment too much overcome to read the service; but regaining somewhat his composure, he proceeded. La Vincent held up the drooping girl, and amid her sobs and heart-rending moans the ceremony was completed.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the Earl in a faint voice, and fell back.

With a wild shriek Elvellynne sprang to his side, and received from his lips the dying kiss.

"My child! my daughter!" ejaculated the old man with his last breath, and gently sank down.

"My father, speak! speak! oh, speak once more to your daughter!" cried Elvellynne, clasping the inanimate form, and wildly kissing

the pallid lips, but there was no answer; and the youthful bride, overcome by the overpowering sensation of grief, fell senseless by the side of the corpse.

La Vincent gently raised her, and saw that her garments were dyed with blood, — 'twas the blood of her father.

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Years rolled by since the above event, and time had touched with mellowed tints the recollections of the sad events; but never did Admiral La Vincent or his beautiful lady forget the prison-scene and the death-bed bridal. Even Paulus Spleutcher, who now held the dignity of bon mari to the gay Eugénie, would often recount to the little Elvellynne as he led her about the pleasure-grounds, his recollections of her grandfather, which undeviatingly ended with, "Ah! but he was a good man, so he was, that same Admiral Lowe."

THE END.

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